

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII., NO. 5385

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1902.

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NEW REPUBLIC.

Cubans' Own Flag Flutters Over Palace In Havana.

The American Flags Lowered Throughout The Island.

Transfer Of Government Marks Birth Of A Nation.

Havana, May 20.—The natal day of the republic of Cuba found Havana arrayed like a queen to await the coming of her lord. She seemed reinvested for the occasion with the dignity of the prosperous days of her power and wealth. The decorations were universal.

The whole city seemed suddenly buried beneath a forest of waving banners. The decorations along the water front were exceedingly lavish, and all the shipping in the harbor was dressed in gala attire. The majority of the ships flew the American ensign at the main and the Cuban at the mizzen.

Senor Palma attached his signature to the document as president of the republic after an exchange of congratulations, and the old veteran, Gen. Gomez, ascended to the roof of the palace, where he was accorded an immense demonstration of welcome. A troop of the seventh United States cavalry lowered the American colors, which were saluted, and then hoisted the Cuban flag.

As the flag flew free the streets below fairly waved with the cheer that arose. It was caught up by the people on the roofs and rolled over the city. Again the cavalry below saluted and again the guns of Cabañas spoke, this time with a national salute of 21 guns. The bands stationed on the plaza, at Cabañas and at Malecon crashed out with pride of country and the revenue cutters and battleships in the harbor thundered the strength of war. The foreign warships hoisted the flag of Cuba to their masts and the United States ships hoisted the Cuban flag. The ensigns of Great Britain and Italy had recognized the republic.

The demonstration was still in progress when the cavalry wheeled and marched to the wharf, where they immediately embarked on the Morro Castle.

Gen. Wood and his adjutant general, Col. Scott, with two aides, after a last exchange of good wishes, were driven to the pier, where they entered a launch and were flickered away to the Brooklyn. Both ships got under way as soon as possible and steamed out of the harbor. The man at the tiller of the Brooklyn was kept busy dipping the flag in answer to the salutes of the thousands upon the water front who watched her departure. The demonstration was remarkable in many respects.

The ceremony in the palace was brief and simple. After formal greetings, Gen. Wood read the documentary transfer prepared by the war department, pledging the new government to immediately proclaim the constitution and the Platt amendment contained in the appendix, and to undertake all obligations assumed by the United States, with respect to Cuba, by the treaty of Paris.

OFF COVE POINT.

There the French Cruiser Gaulois And Her Escort Anchored For The Night.
Annapolis, May 20.—The French cruiser Gaulois, which is bringing the French commissioners to represent President Loubet at the unveiling of the memorial to Count de Rochambeau at Washington next Saturday, passed in the Virginia Capes at seven o'clock this morning, escorted by the cruiser Olympia and the battleships Kearsarge and Alabama. It is an easy ten hours' run from Cape Henry to Annapolis, but under directions from Admiral Higginson, commanding the squadron, the war ships steamed slowly and at 4 o'clock this afternoon anchored off Cove Point, at the mouth of the Patuxent river. According to the program, they will remain there until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, when they will weigh anchor and proceed toward this point.

STATE RAISES SALARIES.

St. Paul, Minn., May 20.—The State Board of Control has advanced the salaries of all state employees 10 per cent., because of the increased cost of living. There was no demand on the part of the employees for this increase. The additional cost to the state will exceed \$49,000 per annum.

LEAVES HER BED.

The Hagie, May 20.—Queen Wilhelmina is now able to leave her bed for a short time each day.

MINERS' RIOT.

First Scrap of the Anthracite Workers' Strike Has Occurred.

Scranton, Penn., May 20.—Fifteen hundred mine workers at Oliphant this morning made the first serious demonstration since the strike began in the Lackawanna valley. Their onslaught was directed against the Grassy Island washery of the Delaware and Hudson company in the northern part of the town. The approaches were blockaded to such an extent that District Superintendent Sarge and a number of foremen from the company's nearby mines found it impossible to make their way through the lines, and were forced to retreat down the railroad tracks with hoots, catcalls and some flying missiles following them. A Hungarian woman jumped in among the foremen and snatching the hat from the head of one, hurled it into a muddy pool, yelling wildly as she did so. Her action almost precipitated trouble, and only through the determined effort of some of the strike leaders was she dragged away and made to keep quiet. While this demonstration was going on six armed deputies who were up from the washery were warned not to approach too near, and warned that they had better go back to the washery. As no company official was present to direct their movements they acted on the suggestion and retreated. Superintendent Sarge and his foremen came to Scranton and consulted with General Superintendent Rose. The company officials say they are determined to operate the washery, and the Oliphant strikers say they are just as determined that it shall not be operated.

INJUNCTION ASSURED.

But It Will Not Be In The Form Asked For By The United States Government.

Chicago, May 20.—The temporary injunction asked for by the United States government against the packers will be issued, but not in the form desired by the attorney general. The packers made no defense against the two or three details were sustained and Judge Grosscup said that he would draw up a new order according to his own ideas on the matter. This order will be issued shortly.

Morris Company Restrained.

Kansas City, May 20.—Judge John W. Henry in the circuit court today issued a temporary order, in compliance with the request of Attorney General Crow, restraining Nelson Morris and company from fixing the prices of meats or carrying on business in conjunction with the so-called beef trust.

BASEBALL.

The following is the result of the baseball games played yesterday:

National League.
Pittsburg 6, Philadelphia 5; at Pittsburgh.
Chicago 3, Boston 1; at Chicago.

American League.
Boston 2, Philadelphia 1; at Boston.
Washington 3, Baltimore 4; at Washington.

New England League.
Dover 7, Lowell 1; at Dover.
Lawrence 2, Concord 11; at Lawrence.
Haverhill 8, Manchester 9; at Haverhill.

Fall River 3, Nashua 4; at Fall River.

ANOTHER ERUPTION.

Fort de France Is Now In Danger Of Suffering From The Wrath Of Mont Pelée.

St. Thomas, West Indies, May 20.—A late report from Kastres, island of St. Lucia, confirms the previous statement that Mont Pelée had again erupted and adds that another eruption of the mountain back of Fort de France is likely to occur.

ROOSEVELT IN NEW YORK.

New York, May 20.—President Roosevelt, accompanied by secretary Cortelyou and his physician, Dr. Urie, of the navy, arrived at Jersey City at 6:08 o'clock this evening. The party remained aboard the train until 7:30, when the president crossed the ferry to Twenty-third street and was driven to Carnegie hall, where the members of the Presbyterian board and a distinguished audience were assembled to hear his address.

AGAIN UNDER DISCUSSION.

In York county the old proposition of moving the county seat from Alfred is again under discussion. This time, however, the argument favors its change to Sanford rather than to Biddeford or Saco. Advocates of the plan rather fear that the attempt will amount to nothing owing to the foxy work of Alfred people in having the buildings so thoroughly renovated that the question of expense has now become a grave matter.

FLORENCE BURNS.

NOT GUILTY OF KILLING WALTER S. BROOKS.

Coroner's Jury So Decides After A Prolonged Hearing.

Death Due To Wound At Hands Of Some Person Unknown.

New York, May 20.—The coroner's jury in the inquest to fix the responsibility for the death of Walter S. Brooks brought in a verdict today, declaring that Brooks died as the result of "pistol shot wound of the head inflicted on the 14th day of February, 1902, at the Glen Island hotel, Cortland and West streets in this borough, by a revolver in the hand of some person unknown to the jury."

There was an unusual scene in the court when the verdict was read. Foster M. Bachus, counsel for Florence Burns, appeared as if about to faint. He broke down and wept and was led from the room by friends.

Assistant District Attorney Schurman appeared to be stunned by the fact that the jury made no charge against Florence Burns. He declined to say whether the evidence would be presented to the grand jury.

After the verdict, District Attorney Jerome declared that with the evidence his office had on hand at present no effort would be made to have the grand jury act.

"It would be utterly useless to take this matter up to the grand jury," said the district attorney, "with the evidence we have on hand. For the present at least, the case is closed. I shall be on the lookout for new developments all the time and the slayer of young Brooks may yet be found."

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ROAD.

Contractors Predict That Another Month Will See It Finished.

Exeter, May 20.—Ground was broken this morning at the Exeter end of the new Portsmouth and Exeter street railway, and the son of sunny Italy, with his pick and shovel, is again an object of interest. Work has been started at Highland street, at the foot of Portsmouth avenue, and the line will be constructed on the east side of the Stratham road as far as Meetinghouse hill in that town. From that point to Ayer's brook a change of location to the west side of the highway is petitioned, on which the Stratham selectmen will give a public hearing next Tuesday afternoon.

The new railroad is being built by H. A. Gower & Co., of Boston, and A. D. Gower is here to superintend operations. The contractors have 175 Italians employed on the Portsmouth end, and by tomorrow there will be 160 of the same nationality at work here. John McCulloch on this end and George McDonald at the other are the five men in charge. As many teams as apply are being engaged throughout the country traversed, about fifty finding employment with the gang that started from Portsmouth, while this morning twelve were working here.

The contractors are confident that the track will be completed in another month. The rails are now down as far as Stratham on one end, and track laying will likely start here tomorrow. There will not be many impediments to speedy work, although it will be found necessary to build two bridges.

The Italians who started in this morning will be quartered in Wingate's gristmill at Stratham.

MASTER BUILDERS.

The Master Builders held a meeting on Tuesday evening to consider the proposition submitted to them by the Carpenters' union, regulating wages, workday hours, placing of contracts, and other points of mutual concern to employers and employees. A number of the sections were altered and in its revised form the contract was handed back to the carpenters for action. A committee from the carpenters' union was present, as well as the president of the Central Labor union. While the committeemen of course could not speak with authority, they held out the hope that their union would accept the changes as satisfactory.

TO SEND DELEGATES.

Olivet Commandery, Knights of Malta, held its regular meeting in its temple on High street, on Tuesday evening. It was decided to send representatives to a convention to be held in Portland, on Thursday, to consider plans for the formation of a grand commandery for the state of Maine and New Hampshire. Past-Commanders Fred Oldfield and A. T. Parker were chosen delegates and Past-Commander C. E. Hodgdon was selected as alternate.

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L. E. Waterman's Ideal.

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CONGRESS BLOCK.

FASHIONABLE STATIONERY

AND

ARTISTIC PICTURE FRAMING.

Butter Eggs **Coffee Tea**
Permanent Patrons
More Than Transient
Trade
Is What We Are After.

Hark To This Hint:

29c--Our Special Mocha & Java--29c

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2 MARKET SQUARE.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

A QUEER OWL PARTY.

THE SOLEMN BIRDS RESPONDED TO THE WOODSMAN'S CALL.

An Unusually Sort of Entertainment That Was Given on a Cloudy, Muggy Night in the Woods of West Virginia—The Whippoorwill Call.

"West Virginia seems to be a favorite region for owls," said John Lochlin of Pittsburgh, "and I was a highly amused participant once in what they call an owl party down there. I was camping on a front stream in the Cumberland mountains, attended by Jim Frazier, a grizzly old woodsman and mountaineer. Just as it was getting dark one muggy, cloudy day, I was sitting in the cabin door smoking, and Jim, after an inspection of the surroundings and conditions with his weather eye, said:

"This is going to be a fit night for an owl party. Shall I get ye up one?"

"That was the first I heard of such a thing as an owl party."

"I don't know what you mean, Jim," said I.

"This is going to be a fit night for an owl party," he repeated. "Shall I get ye up one?"

"Certainly," I said. "Get me up one, of course."

"That was all that was said or done about it at the time, but when darkness had settled down Jim stood up in front of the cabin and sent out in the wind a good imitation of the mournful cry of the owl. After half a minute of silence he repeated the cry. Presently from away off in the woods somewhere came an answer, mournful and prolonged:

"Too-who! Too-who! Too-who-o-o!"

"That's one old chap that'll be to our party anyhow," said Jim, and again he repeated the cry. It was responded to by the owl, this time nearer, and his notes had scarcely died away in the woods when from another direction a similar cry was heard.

"Two of 'em," said the old hunter. "And so he kept on simulating the notes of the owl until his calls were answered from every part of the surrounding woods, each answering bird drawing nearer and nearer at every response. In ten minutes' time, from the trees over our heads, in front and all around the cabin, a dozen pairs of fiery eyes were glaring down at us from the darkness. When the old woodsman uttered his cry softly, a chorus of soft, cooling responses met it from the owls in the trees. If he hurled it in resounding volume at the ghostly assemblage, from each throat beneath a pair of blazing eyes would come a collection of the most unearthly sounds that a human being ever stood still and listened to. Short, staccato yelps, like the frightened barking of a dog; blood curdling growls and gasps, as of a person being strangled; loud snappings of the hooked mandibles, and a hair-raising snarl of two-whos, too-whoos."

"For an hour this exhibition was kept up by the old woodsman's droll maneuvering, sometimes with variations that were convincingly ludicrous and sometimes with accompaniments sufficiently dramatic to scare a man into fits. After he had ceased to provoke the owls to further performances they remained in the trees a quarter of an hour or more, snapping their bills together and giving voice to various unwholesome sounds. Then they began to fit away one by one in the darkness, until they had all disappeared.

"Givin' owl parties is a trick that's as old as the hills down in this country," said Jim. "Owls ken be called just like that 'most any night, but a muggy night like this one is the best. I don't know what they think they come for, but if that's an owl within sound of yer voice when ye give the call—and an owl can hear considerable further than two miles—it'll answer ye and gradually make its way toward ye till at last its yer company come to visit. I've had as many as six dozen of 'em bodnoddin' with me all to wanst. Owls will put off everything else they've got on hand and set and visit with ye all night if ye'll only keep on talkin' to 'em, and they'll jaw back as fast and as sassy as ye ken jaw at them."

"Jim, just at dusk one evening, got me up a whippoorwill party. By imitating the plaintive call of that nocturnal bird he soon had a score or more of them fluttering noiselessly about the cabin, never lighting, but swooping about and keeping up the curious clattering and snapping of their hairy beaks that are characteristic of their kind."

"I couldn't do that if it wasn't June," said Jim. "The whippoorwill don't whistle 'cept in that month, and it's always the fuller that does it. That whistle is his love call, and all them whippoorwills I had caperin round here was of 'other sex and was spectin to find a mate here bearin the call."

"Jim assured me that I could get up an owl party or a whippoorwill party just as well as he could, but various persistent trials proved that he was wrong. It seemed to me that I imitated the cry of the owl and the whippoorwill as closely as he did, but not a response could I receive to my invitation. No wonder would Jim pipe up or hoot, though, than the answers would begin to come. It was most amazing, and from the way old Jim grinned I imagine he induced the text just to show me that you had to be born in the woods to call an owl."—New York Sun.

The Mushroom's Life.
The mushroom's life is measured by hours, but it flourishes long enough for an insect to hang its egg on the edge of the "umbrella" and for the egg to become an insect ready to colonize the next mushroom that springs up.

THE NILE CROCODILE.

His Live Toothpick, His Tears and His Way of Getting Caught.

To say that the crocodile has seen his best days is but feebly to express the rapidity with which he is lapsing into the class of extinct animals. As a feature of modern Egypt he is perhaps rather a curiosity than a plague, and the traveler has to get far beyond the regions of the delta before he can begin to hope for the chance of being introduced to one. Crocodile stories are no longer told. In fact, it is safer to trust to the sea serpent. Nothing can make the crocodile attractive, and even the man with the camera is shy of treating him as a subject—whether for personal or artistic reasons is not quite clear. Possibly the crocodile resents being focused, as he formerly shrank from confrontation with a mirror, an ordeal which often led to his dying of chagrin, as was supposed, at the sight of his own ugliness. Moreover, the experienced photographer is wise in "taking no risks," remembering that the crocodile's tears are only a natural solvent which the saurian applies to the tougher form of animal food.

And this is where the legend of the toothpick properly comes in. Herodotus noticed the fact, but seems to have been misled as to the motive. He discovered that the crocodile made friends with a particular bird, which he allowed to enter his mouth in order, as the writer supposed, to rid the reptile of the leeches which infested his jaws. Pliny says nothing of these pests, but considers the complaisance of the crocodile to be due to the satisfaction he felt in having his teeth picked by the bird. "He taketh so great delight in this her scraping and scouring of his teeth and jaws." Both authors speak of the bird as a wren; later naturalists described it as being as large as a thrush, while it has been reserved for the present generation of travelers to identify this useful friend of the crocodile as the spur-winged plover.

Of the fact of the alliance there is not the least doubt. The operation has been frequently witnessed by numerous independent observers, one of the latest of whom considers that the bird does actually perform the functions of a toothpick, "a process which the crocodile enjoys." With such corroboration the narration of Herodotus, subject to qualification, as it must be, is at least to be taken seriously and no longer regarded as the visionary idea of a mere fabulist.

In the Egyptian hieroglyphics the crocodile is represented by a single wavy line, so perfectly suggestive of the contour of the animal that it is quite impossible to escape from its meaning. It might stand as an excellent contemporary illustration of the text of Herodotus, neither author nor artist overstepping the modesty of nature. This was reserved for later times, in which arose so many of the myths and extravagances which we are ready to impute to the lack of practical knowledge by the classic writers. When Ptolemy lucubrated so learnedly of the crocodile, he doubtless felt that he was correcting the erroneous idea of an earlier period, and the following example of his erudition may serve to show how he set about the task: "The sovereign power of saffron is plainly proved by the antipathy of the crocodile thereto, for the crocodile's tears are never true, save when he is forced where saffron growth, whence he hath the name of saffron fever, knowing himself to be all poison and it all antidote." As to legend of the crocodile's tears, it can only be regarded as a myth grafted upon some of the reptile's observed habits. Probably because they could offer less resistance to his attacks, women and children were especially liable to them, the office of the former as water carriers bringing them often to the Nile and the children naturally finding a playground on its shores.

Herodotus gives an amusing account of the manner in which the Egyptian brothers of the angle used to fish for crocodile, from which it would seem that they had taken a leaf out of the reptile's own book of strategy. They baited the hook with a large piece of hog's flesh, with which they made a real angler's "cast" into the middle of the river. And they employed a very special and alluring form of ground bait, consisting of a vigorous young porker, which they anchored, Irish fashion, on the bank and incited by divers irritating arts into energetic squealing. Entranced with the melodious sound, the crocodile was drawn in the direction from which it came, and, being unable to get at the pig, put up with the baited hook instead.—London Globe.

Information For Certain Hearers.
"I have noticed," said the Rev. Dr. Goodman, pausing in his discourse, "that two or three of the brethren have looked at their watches several times in the last few minutes. For fear their timepieces may not agree I will say that the correct time is 11:45. I set my watch by the regulator at the jeweler's last night. The sermon will be over at 12:01. It would have closed promptly at 12 but for this digression. Let us proceed to consider now what the apostle meant when he says, 'I press toward the mark.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Saved the Edition.
Sir Frederick Gori Ouseley used to tell a story about the famous Clarendon Press, at Oxford, which shows how very easily serious blunders may be made. It was when a new edition of the Bible was coming out, and not till the final revision of the text, when the printer was discovered to have given the following "free" rendering of 1 Corinthians xv. 52: "The trumpet shall sound . . . and we shall be banged!"

Vanity of Canary Birds.

"Do you know," said an observant gentleman, "that, barring a man and a peacock, I believe a canary bird is the vainest of all creatures? Both my wife and myself are very fond of pets, and we keep several of these little songsters always in the house. One of the cages was an old affair, which had been in the family for years, and was used as much for tradition's sake as for economy's sake. I had frequently remarked to my wife that I believed the occupant of this cage was somewhat ashamed of his shabby dwelling place and observed with envious eyes the fact that the other songsters were more artistically lodged.

"Well, the old cage finally collapsed, and it became necessary to purchase a new one. In order to test my belief in the intelligence of my feathered friend I made it a point to get him the prettiest little brass house I could find. The effect was magical. No sooner was he turned into his new home than he began to sing as he had never sung before, completely drowning out the music of the other birds and behaving otherwise in a manner altogether becoming his sudden rise in life. No proud pauper coming unexpectedly into an inheritance of great riches could more gracefully have assumed a greater degree of vanity."—Memphis Scimitar.

Choosing a Wife For Her Teeth.

One of the most curious and interesting of bridal customs among the Eskimos is the practice of choosing a bride, not for her face, her figure or her fortune, but for the excellence and strength of her teeth.

Up in the polar circle, where a man's blood freezes and parts of him drop off at the touch of the icy blast, it is a difficult matter to keep the untanned skins from hardening and cracking. There is only one process known to the Eskimo, that of chewing. It is necessary to perform this operation every two or three months, and it is a part of the wives' duties. It is for that reason that an Eskimo selects his future helpmate for the size of their teeth and the strength of their jaws. Of course one wife cannot attend to all the skins, and so sometimes an Eskimo has as many as ten loving helpmates.

Wives are bought, sold and exchanged among the Eskimos. The price fluctuates like that of wheat or corn or stocks on Wall street. A father with a growing daughter will be approached by a neighbor and offered one, two or three dogs for her, according to her maxillary powers. Sometimes a blue foxskin or a dozen strips of blubber may enter into the bargain, but dogs are generally the factor used.—San Francisco Examiner.

It Caught the Congregation.

How to interest and hold the attention of an audience is often a source of much work and thought, but the following incident astonished me by its power and effectiveness: The majority of those who worship in my congregation are as attentive as any audience in the west. Indeed I think they are exceptional in this respect.

One Sunday morning I preached a sermon on "The Good Fight of Faith." As I got warmed up my hands kept pace with my tongue. The attention was far beyond the ordinary. Every eye in the house was fixed on the preacher from start to finish. And I—please do not accuse me of vanity—thought, "Surely the sermon is a good one, or it has struck the right chord."

The service closed, and the audience was dismissed. As I went down from the pulpit a brother whispered a few words to me; then another. One lady invited me to her house as soon as I could get away. A dozen or more repeated the first brother's words. The exceptional interest in that sermon was due to the fact that the seam in the arm of my coat had parted, revealing a startling flash of whiteness at every gesture.

If attention lags, part a seam.—Homiletic Review.

He Knew His Business.

"I know a man of affairs in this city," said a close observer, "whose career has been eminently successful and who enjoys great personal popularity, but whose business house is one of the best hated concerns in the south. 'Mr. So-and-so himself is a capital fellow,' says nearly everybody, 'but he is surrounded by a set of the meanest rascals on earth. If he had the least idea how they are carrying on, he would fire the last one of 'em.' The member of his staff who is most cordially disliked is a confidential clerk. Time and again people have gone to the proprietor with complaints against that individual and he has always expressed deep regret. 'I am extremely sorry he showed you such little accommodation,' he would reply, 'and really I would discharge him at once if it wasn't for his poor family.'"

"Some time ago I met the business man of whom I am speaking at lunch and took the liberty of hinting that he would do well to leave less to his employees. In response to a question I told him my reasons, and I will never forget his peculiar, quizzical smile. 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'a great many disagreeable things have to be done in business, but it doesn't pay to do them yourself.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Superstitious Fishermen.

Herring fishermen in the old world are, many of them, remarkably superstitious. For instance, on some fishing boats whistling is forbidden, and neither milk nor burned bread is allowed on board. Furthermore, not even the name of that unlucky animal, the hare, may be mentioned, and a common method of punishing an enemy is to throw a dead hare into his boat.

Some of the fishermen believe in luck attending an odd numbered crew, but the good fortune may be neutralized should one of the number have red hair.

ANIMAL SCAVENGERS.

MAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE'S SANITARY BRIGADE.

An English Writer's Plea For a Better Appreciation of the Birds and Beasts That Help to Keep the Earth Free From Pestilence and Plague.

We human beings are odd in our attitude toward the animal world, in our likes and dislikes of the creatures of our own class and other classes of animals. We seem to base our feelings on no logical ground of reciprocity, of good will, of gratitude or the reverse, but rather on some almost inexplicable whim. Certain creatures are without reason given a bad name, and no proof of service rendered will ever reinstate them. Others are popular favorites and may steal grain and make life hideous with their discordant cries. The entire snake tribe, for example, is anathema with all right minded folk, though if they were asked the reason of their prejudice they would, with a pitiful and superior shrug, be driven back in all probability on the ridiculous translation of Holy Writ, which, however deep in its chasm, cannot be relied upon in matters zoological.

It is a fact that, though few would credit it, a gentleman charged not long ago in an evening paper with needless persecution of our common, harmless snake quoted in his defense some ancient injunction about bruising the creature's head in retaliation for an apocryphal bruising of his own heel. As a matter of truth and not Scripture, serpents do not bruise our heel, but are only too glad to glide away from it. I understand that in the breeding season there are certain Indian snakes that resort unwitely to the length of chasing them off the premises. This may or may not be the case, but I have tramped after kangaroo through miles of tall grass simply infested (as proved by periodic fires) with snakes, venomous and otherwise, without coming in contact with one, although gaiters to the knee were de rigueur on such occasions in case of accident.

The vituperation, however, reserved for the reptile is not more forcible than that meted out to the whole unpaid company of nature's scavengers, and it is to this very remarkable ingratitude that it seems time to draw attention. It cannot, it is true, be claimed for these useful servants that they possess beauty or charm of manner, but there are folks who are ornamental, others merely useful, and the earth would not be pleasant without either. It would not, for instance, be correct to assert that the gentleman who, under the auspices of the sanitary board, impudently streams of water down the classic and verdant slopes that lead from Covent Garden to the Strand are among the most picturesque individuals in that neighborhood, but it would be equally futile to deny their place in the scheme of the creation.

Death is ever busy to render this earth an unclean abode. This, apparent even in these latitudes, has a very much more serious aspect in tropical lands, where the burning carcass of a pitiless sun brings decay close on the steps of death, and the corpse but an hour old is already at work poisoning the surrounding air and spreading the germs of disease. To frustrate this baleful work nature has enlisted an efficient army of scavengers, drawn from all classes, and commissioned to keep pure the earth and cleanse it of all that is foul. It might be expected that a rational generation would not be slow to recognize the value of such officials and would give them at least protection and consideration.

Yet it is actually a fact that, so far from according these invaluable creatures the same kindly forbearance that is given unthinkingly to thousands of small fowl, more picturesque perhaps, but certainly more harmful, we have not, most of us, a good word to say for any one serving in the scavenging brigade, and the economist who should plead their cause, individually or as a class, would run the risk of being voted eccentric. The very names of the creatures call up all the worst epithets applicable to the brute world. Vultures are repulsive; hyenas, for all the world as if they subscribed to the national church, are called sacrilegious because they rifle graves; for sharks no term is strong enough, and the honest sailor who occasionally contrives to haul one of these ocean scavengers aboard mews out to it treatment that would be worthy of the Grand Turk of tradition.

Nature, not being a European power, keeps her forces in readiness where they are needed, in consequence of which the scavengers master in strength in hot countries. Vultures wander but rarely to these parts, and such sharks as occur are with few exceptions but minnows of their race. Yet we have even in these islands humbler purifiers at work, tadpoles and burying beetles and others suitable to the comparatively easy work that falls to them.

One of these days, when natural history is taught in a rational manner in our schools, when the rising generation learns to appreciate the living world around instead of banging pianos and splashing pigments, we shall have a re-creation of the modern zoological faith and a better appreciation of the beasts and birds. We shall find nothing to shudder at in the meal of the vulture, but we may, on the contrary, even learn to protect that remarkable bird and its fellow scavengers as among the worthiest of earth's children. To the last the vulture is active in its allotted mission, and when at length it falls no living beast or bird or insect will touch its body, and it must crumble quietly to dust, a lasting—something too lasting, as those know who have camped near an undiscovered dead vulture for some days—monument to the usefulness of the great scavenging army of which it once was so active a member.—F. G. Afton in Saturday Review.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

Trapped in a Mine With a Blast Fuse Lighted.

A man with an empty sleeve told a curious story in one of the hotel lobbies. "In 1889 I was prospecting in the Joplin lead district," he said, "and with two partners had sunk a shaft about 30 feet deep on a promising claim. At the bottom of the excavation we started to 'drift'—in other words to drive a tunnel at right angles. One afternoon, when the tunnel had progressed some 12 feet, it became necessary to put in a blast. I was below at the time and my two companions were at the top, working the windlass. I drilled a hole in the formation, which was very hard, put in a dynamite cartridge, tamped it well with broken rock, lit the fuse and stepped into the bucket. At the first turn of the windlass the rope broke at the top and dropped down into the shaft. The bucket fell only a yard or so, but I plunged head first against the side and it was perhaps a couple of minutes before I could collect my senses.

Then in a flash I realized my situation and jumped back into the tunnel to extinguish the fuse, but it had already burned down to the tamping and all I could see was a little smoke oozing out through the rocks. I could hear my partners yelling to me from above, but I knew there was no other rope in our camp and the only thing I could think of was to pick out the tamping and get at the fuse before it reached the dynamite. For all I knew the explosion might take place at any instant, but I grabbed a drill and began to claw at the tight packed rock. In a few seconds I realized that it was a hopeless task, so I dropped the drill and as a last resort ran back to the shaft and crouched against the far wall.

"If I live to be a thousand," continued the story teller, "I will never forget my agony while I waited for the blast to go off, knowing full well that my chances for escape were almost too small for computation. It seemed as if the explosion would never occur, and all the while a horrible panorama of death and mutilation was rushing through my brain. 'Now?' 'Now?' 'Now?' I kept saying out loud, thinking each time I uttered the word that the roar would follow, but it didn't. I could have sworn that 15 minutes elapsed and I was beginning to feel a wild hope that the fuse had gone out when an awful thunderclap came and everything disappeared.

"My partners had secured a new rope and were pulling me out when I recovered consciousness. My left arm had been crushed and I was peppered all over by flying rock, but I suffered most from the poisonous gases of the nitro glycerin in the dynamite. Next day they took off my arm at the elbow and it was six months before I got out of bed, strange to say my hearing wasn't affected and, as you see, I have no scars on my face. So I may consider myself very lucky on more counts than one.

"By the way, there was one very strange incident connected with the affair. As I said before, it seemed to me that I lay there an interminable time, waiting for the blast to go off. Afterward, when I was convalescent, I mentioned the matter to one of my partners and he looked surprised. He told me that he was at the shaft month when I crouched down and that the explosion occurred immediately afterward. He was intending to drop his coat over me, but didn't have time to take it off."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Facial Irregularity.

"Physiologists tell us," said a lawyer to the writer recently, "that no two faces are exactly alike, and I think they are correct, although we often hear of one person being the exact image of another. That this is largely a matter of imagination can be proved by investigation. I have in my office a clerk who is constantly mistaken for myself. Several people say he resembles me so closely that I must be joking when I deny the resemblance."

"In order to ascertain how much reason there was for these statements I took the fellow to a photographer's one day last week and we both had our pictures taken together, and I would defy any one to point out a single point of resemblance. My clerk, however, regards the matter as a good joke, and I half suspect he acknowledges relationship in a good many cases intentionally, so as to cause complications. I have shown the photograph to several people who have made the mistake, but it has no influence upon them whatever, and it is impossible to convince them against their will."—Washington Star.

Temperance Drink of 1832.

On one of the pages of an old diary, dated 1832, this recipe for a temperance hot weather drink was found in the handwriting of a woman:

"Put six quarts of water on the fire, add to it three-quarters of an ounce of hops and half an ounce of bruised ginger; let boil for 30 minutes. Next put in three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar; boil for ten minutes more; then strain and bottle while hot or, which takes less time, put the liquor in a cask. It may be drunk as soon as it is cold. Keep in a cool place. The cost is 6 cents a gallon."—Louisville Post.

Scared His Hair Out.

The Paris Progress Medical records a most remarkable recent case showing the effect of fright on the hair. A vigorous peasant with abundant hair not yet showing gray saw his small child trampled under a horse's hoofs and was overcome by fright. He trembled and had palpitations and a feeling of cold and tension in the face and head. On the following day the hairs of the head, beard and eyebrows commenced to fall in quantities, so that after eight days he was absolutely bald. In a few weeks a new growth of hair put in an appearance.

A VERY HOT PATIENT.

HE LIKewise WAS A MAN WITH A VERY QUEER TASTE.

The Singular Case of a Genius Who Was in Good Health Apparently While the Thermometer Registered His Temperature at 125.

"There are any number of malingersers in town," began the attending physician at an east side hospital. "They have the ability to feign diseases, throw fits on the street, get picked up by the ambulance and sometimes they impose upon the house physician and the nurses and are allowed to stay a little while in a hospital. I knew of one man who was really an expert at the business. He puzzled the doctors and lived for the greater part of three years at various hospitals. I was one of his dupes."

"I had a hurry call to a house on Second avenue. On the second floor I found my man lying unconscious, with blood upon his mouth. I felt his pulse and found there wasn't anything unusual about that. Then, in tearing off his clothes to make a hurried examination, I found that his ribs on the left side were all pasted up with court plaster, in strips, just as any doctor would fix up broken ribs."

"That's where the blood comes from," I said at once. "One of the fractured ribs has slipped and punctured the lung."

"I gave him something to stop the bleeding and a hypodermic injection to bring him out, and then I bound up an open bruise I discovered on his elbow. While he was recovering consciousness I took his temperature and I found it away up—108 and 109. Now, the normal temperature of a human being is 98.4. In the worse cases of pneumonia we don't expect to find it over 103."

"Just then the man came to and tried to make me understand what had happened to him. I got a German in from across the hall to interpret. The patient said he had fallen through an open hatch on a schooner bound from Baltimore to New York about a month ago; that he had been attended by a physician on his arrival here and had got along all right until now when he had suddenly collapsed. His temperature showed me that I had a serious case on my hands, though I couldn't tell for the life of me what was the matter with him."

"I buried him into the hospital, put him to bed and explained the extraordinary feature of his case to the 'house.' The 'house' took his temperature again, and it was 111! Then we drugged him and drugged him and gave him foot cold baths and took his temperature again. It had run up to 113. And there didn't seem to be anything the matter with him outside of that."

"Everybody in the hospital got to talking about the case. When the 'attending' went through the ward the 'house' harried him by that German. He didn't want to confess that he was staggered. The patient didn't grow any worse. He maintained a constantly high temperature anywhere between 110 and 125, and we kept up the drugs and the cold foot baths."

"One day the 'attending' noticed the case and asked how long that man was going to be kept in bed to cure a sore elbow. Then the nurse told him 'Take his temperature,' said the 'attending.'"

"The nurse put the thermometer in the man's mouth under the tongue and the doctor watched narrowly. All of a sudden he walked up to the bed. 'Get out of here! Get up and dress and don't let me see you again,' he said sternly to the patient."

"And in half an hour the man was out on the sidewalk. You see that doctor was an older man than any of us. He saw the man was faking, that he manipulated the thermometer in his mouth so that by friction he could run it up as high as he pleased."

"The next day this same man was picked up on the street and taken to another hospital, and the same doctor who was attending at both places caught him there the very first thing. For three years I heard of that German, off and on, always with the same patched ribs, sore elbow and extraordinary temperature. Why, one doctor up in Connecticut wrote a paper for a medical review in which he said he had found a man apparently in normal health with a temperature of 137! It was our malingeringer."

"It couldn't have been any fun either. The doctors were always at him with hypodermics, cold water and so on. He had a queer taste."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Nature's Color Box.

Onions, from leeks to Bermudas, are bleaching to the skin, and so are lemons, asparagus and celery. Spinach is the broom of the stomach, as the French say, and sorrel, in soup of purple, as they cook it in the provinces and at the students' restaurants in the Latin quarter, is a great beautifier. Dandelion, lettuce and all the salads will bring out the red and white tints of the skin.

Beets, carrots, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, cherries and blackberries are red and bloodmaking, developing infantile loveliness in cheeks and lips if eaten, not now and then, but three times a day. This is the fruit cure of garden of Eden breakfast, and it will be remembered that Eve had no patent medicines, cosmetics or doctors.

Pineapple is good for the stomach and air passages. Rice, all cereals and white vegetables, such as cauliflower and parsnips, are wholesome. But pickles and pie crust, hot cakes and too many sweets will make one look pasty, because they lack the acids and salts which nature needs to cleanse her machinery. Oil she must have, too, from the olive and nut, to keep the internal wheels revolving.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

It Is Meted Out With a Vigor That Shocks Europeans.

One night we halted at a place called Hungay, which in the stern, stiff language of "The Universal Gazetteer" may be said to be a small town in the Yunnan province of China; population about 5,000; products, fleas and other small deer. We were making a hurried escape from the wretched place when Lowe suddenly missed his camera. Five minutes before starting it was strapped on the machine, but now it was gone. A swift run was made to the inn. Had the landlord seen it? No, he had not, and besides he didn't want to be disturbed, for he was eating rice. How anybody seen the camera? Not a soul.

There was nothing for it but a visit to the mandarin at the yamen. He was a kindly young fellow of about our own age. He listened quietly while the loss was explained, and when he understood there had been thieving he turned the color of paper with rage. A troop of soldiery was dispatched to the inn with orders to arrest everybody.

There is a Chinese proverb about the advisability of the dead keeping out of hell and the living out of yamuns. Landlord, cook, sweeper, stable cleaner and all the hangers on were, however, marched to the yamen in chains, and every one was trembling with fright. There was much confused jabbering. In the end one of the men was marched away, but in ten minutes he was brought back with the camera. His countenance proclaimed him an arrant rogue, and when the mandarin saw that the leather case had been cut open with a knife and was informed that three photographic appliances were still missing his rage was unbounded. Putting on his magisterial robes, he sentenced the thief to be thrashed. He held up one hand as an inquiry if 50 strokes would be sufficient punishment. Plenty, intimated the foreigner. Down was the man pitched on his face, the legs tied, the flesh bared and heavy fell the blows.

"Well," said Lowe, "as I've been put to considerable inconvenience over this rascal, I think I'll take a snap shot of his thrashing." And one was taken. The beating went on and on, the ruffian screamed and blood was running from the wounds on his limbs.

"Hasn't he had the 50 yet?" was asked.

"Fifty! Why his punishment is 500 strokes, and he has not had 400 yet."

A plea was put forward for mercy, but the mandarin, with his lips tight, would not listen. It was no good telling him that the quality of mercy was not strained, or that it droppeth like the dew from heaven or that it became the monarch better than his crown. He was paid to punish offenders, and he was going to punish them. However, it was soon all over, and the wretch lay on the ground groaning, writhing and bleeding.

Then in marched the soldiery with five other men heavily muffled. The prisoners fell on their knees and put their foreheads on the ground. The mandarin heeled the lot like a Parisian judge. He fixed on one as the ringleader of the robbery. If 500 stripes was the punishment of an accomplice, what must be the chastisement of the thief in chief? Torture was reserved for him.

He was made to sit on his haunches. His wrists were tied tightly in front of his knees, and a pole was stuck between his arms and his legs and then rested on two tables, so that the culprit swung head downward. Strong twine was slip knotted about each big toe, and two of the soldiers pulled apart. This necessarily brought a tremendous strain on the roped wrists. They blackened immediately.

The agony must have been excruciating, for the man screamed. He began curling and twisting, but a soldier went forward and put his foot on the thief's dragging pigtail and so kept his head down. The victim foamed at the mouth, and whenever he was on the point of losing consciousness he was raised up by the cue to give him breathing space, swung head downward again, and the twine about his toes tugged. It was in vain for the foreigner to appeal that the barbarous torture should cease. There was nothing for it but to forsake the sickening and revolting spectacle.—Travel.

Pat's Fanny Sayings.

A reply of a somewhat mixed character was given by the gamekeeper of an estate near Tralee to a gentleman of the town who requested leave for a day's shooting. "Sorra, yer honor may as well do the poachin as any other blackguard out of Tralee." Of course the gamekeeper meant that the gentleman might as well enjoy the advantages of the preserves as the boys from Tralee, who were in the habit of surreptitiously coursing the estate for hares and rabbits.

Writing about poaching recalls the comic answer given by a country girl who on offering a salmon for sale to a fishmonger in Limerick was questioned as to how she had obtained the fish. "Sorra," she ingeniously replied, "my father is poacher to Lord Clare."

Two men were fighting at the streets of Cork. One got the other down and was administering to him a severe punishment, when the man below cried out to the onlookers, "Oh, tare us ashunder, or we'll murder ahe other!"—London Standard.

Spencer's Book.

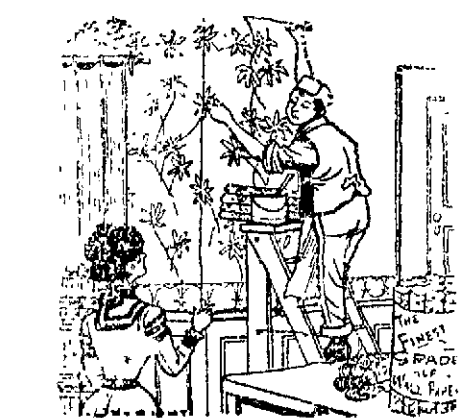
Herbert Spencer makes the following interesting statement in a letter to the London Times: "During the first 12 years of my literary life every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print and advertisements and for many years after failed to pay my small living expenses—every one of them made me the poorer. Nevertheless the 40,000,000 of people constituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain worker five gratis copies of each. There is only one simile occurring to me which as all represents the fact, and that is but a feeble way—Dives asking alms of Lazarus!"

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NO. 118 MARKET ST

WHY IS IT?

By Walter J. Ballard.

The consuming power of international commerce aggregates yearly, according to a recent carefully prepared tabulation by the treasury bureau of statistics, \$11,630,000,000, divided as follows:

Europe,	\$8,300,000,000
Asia,	900,000,000
Africa,	430,000,000
South America,	375,000,000
Oceania,	325,000,000
North America,	\$10,330,000,000
	1,300,000,000
	\$11,630,000,000

The share of the United States in this water reached trade of \$10,330,000,000, is only \$1,342,000,000, or about thirteen per cent, made up of sales to Africa, 5 per cent of its imports, or \$21,500,000

South America, 10 per cent of its imports, or	37,500,000
Asia, 10 per cent of its imports, or	90,000,000
Oceania, 10 per cent of its imports, or	32,500,000
Europe, 14 per cent of its imports, or	1,162,000,000
	\$1,342,000,000

besides forty per cent of the purchases of North America, exclusive of the United States.

By this tabulation it will be seen that we are selling only a little over thirteen per cent average, of the goods bought by those countries whose communication with us is by water, while of the consumption of Africa, with its 175,000,000 people, we are reduced to a miserable five per cent, or \$21,500,000, out of \$430,000,000.

Why do we make so poor a showing as this? Why is it, that with our overwhining natural resources, our thousands of well equipped factories, our five and a half millions of operatives, our up to date processes of manufacture, our systematized factory management, our millions upon millions of food producing lands, our teeming flocks and herds, our "Captains of industry" with their billions of dollars of capital, our increasingly active consular service, our well in trade encouraging government, and our energetic, dominating, American spirit of enterprise, we are not selling at least fifty per cent of the outside world's consumption, and thereby make the record to read as follows:

We should sell fifty per cent, \$5,165,000,000; less present sales, \$1,342,000,000; gain in foreign trade, \$3,823,000,000; or a gain of nearly three times as much as our present total sales.

Why is it that our capitalists, our wage-earners, our merchants, and our farmers are deprived of the increased dividends, increased wages, increased trading profits, and increased farm earnings, which would follow the increased foreign trade?

Why is it that by the absence of this increased foreign trade, and in view of view of the incontrovertible fact that the bulk of what we sell, or would sell abroad, is the product of our natural resources, or the manufactures thereof, our national wealth is not augmented by nearly the entire selling value of that increase?

Why is it that the trifling thirteen per cent, of that foreign consumption which we do with great difficulty now sell, we have to hire foreigners and foreign vessels to deliver more than nine-tenths at an expense to ourselves of over \$200,000,000, yearly for freights?

Why is it that we find it almost impossible to get our young men to take up navigation as a profession?

Why is it that our navy is insufficiently manned with trained and experienced sailors?

Why is it that our capitalists have been compelled to combine foreign vessels, even with the condition that the most important of those vessels, shall retain their foreign allegiance and foreign flag, and be subject to foreign call in time of war?

Let those congressmen who are opposing, or fearing to vote for the ship subsidy bill, passed by our patriotic senate, answer, remembering that failure on their part to do what is right at the right time, is as fatal in its effects as doing what is wrong.

Schenectady, N. Y., May 13.

CLIPPINGS.

There'll be more pugilistic exhibitions in the halls of congress if this Philippine agitation keeps up. Why not charge an admission fee to help defray the expense of securing peace with the Filipinos?—Haverhill Press.

That tobacco manufacturing company of Nashville which raised the wages of all its employees 10 per cent, "on account of the increased cost of living," has the right idea of the eternal fitness of things.—Lawrence Eagle.

Don't wonder why your advertising isn't paying, if you run it week in and week out without changing it. Advertising has to be looked after by the advertiser with the same care and thought that should be exercised in the purchase of goods or the arrangement of a store. Just like any other business, it pays in proportion to the labor put into it.—Exchange.

Sir Thomas Lipton declines a peerage, and his manner of doing so does him credit. He says he wants to stay with his friends and his friends will once more vote him a royal good fellow. How refreshingly different is his attitude from that of the expatriated William Waldorf Astor, a pitiful, cringing sycophant whom honest Englishmen must despise.—Kennebec Journal.

Congress has ordered that no copies of MacLay's history of the American navy be allowed on board an American ship or in any government institution. Schley's enemies, who are distributing this publication for sinister purposes, will now have to hunt up some other method to defame his character. It was pretty small business for full grown men to be engaged in.—Nashua Press.

Twelve cars of dressed beef, the Chicago Tribune says, were received in Boston Friday and Saturday. On the corresponding days a year ago the number of cars received was eighty-seven. Public odium probably doesn't cause the trust much loss of sleep;

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but public retrenchment and economy in consumption of meat—well, that's different. The trust was probably making before it raised prices and is losing money since.—Concord Patriot.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

In the haste of publication more or less typographical mistakes will creep into print in a paper, but the most amusing ones are usually discovered in the proof. For instance, in the proof sheet containing the call for the Maine republican state convention, in the office of the Aroostook paper, all the electors "without regard to past political affiliations" were notified to assemble at the time and place mentioned. This, however, was not so much of a mistake as an invitation to the Democrats to come in out of the cold.

The season approaches when a few men who are so situated that they can occasionally get a day off would like to wet a line, but like it too short to read up for the purpose of discovering whether or not it is safe to catch a sucker or hornpout. The fish and game laws of this state are indeed fearful and wonderfully made.—Nashua Press.

"Magazine poetry," said a young man who dabbles in verse, "is always a source of wonder to me. For a long time I have read it and tried to understand it, but many of the poems I couldn't make head or tail of. For five years I have sent verses of my own to one magazine, and always got them back, usually with a printed rejection slip, occasionally with a polite note from the editor explaining why the particular verse was not available. One day it occurred to me that obscurity was the open sesame to the pages of this magazine, and, more in jest than anything else, I scribbled off a sonnet that meant absolutely nothing. My only thought was to string together a lot of meaningless words that would rhyme. I couldn't help laughing to myself when I read it over. I called it 'Oblivion,' and sent it off. I called it 'Oblivion,' and sent it off. After three months had gone by I got a check for it, and a letter from the editor complimenting me upon having at length fathomed the depths of true poetry. What humbug it all is!"

Judge Conorton of Long Island City says that married women who are out after ten o'clock at night need not come to him when they get into trouble. They have put themselves outside the pale of the law. If they had not been out after ten they would not have got into trouble. And they ought not to have been out after ten. Who would have suspected that any cobwebbed cocoon in the repositories of the common law would open out into a butterfly of this kind? The thing was simply incalculable. No one could have foreseen it. Now, however, that married women ought not to be out after ten, can't the common law stretch out another tentacle and lay hold of the married men? There are more of them out after ten and more of them who get into trouble. What is common law for the goose is common law for the gander. Let there be no favoritism.—Chicago Tribune.

The average man knows but little of the hundred and one details that combine to make up the well dressed woman, or the names by which these articles of female lingerie are called. An instance of this kind was noticed the other day. In the window of an up town store there was a card on which were printed in large letters the words "Tub Dresses." Naturally, to the man whose eye was caught by the words on the card, the first thought was that the dresses in the window were a type of garment specially prepared to be worn on wash day, but somehow, when he examined the fabric of which the dresses were composed, there seemed to be a little incongruity somewhere. So he stood and wondered, as men sometimes will, but was unable to solve the problem, and finally went into the store and asked why the name was applied to such light and airy garments. The reply was that the dresses had no connection with wash day at all, but were so called because the fabric from which they were made would allow of their being washed and done up, even as the "billed" shirt

which he wore. One can learn lots of things by asking questions.—Kennebec Journal.

ON THE DIAMOND.

Cincinnati is playing Magoon a second base.

The Nashua team is to be strengthened. It certainly needs it.

On Tuesday three teams, Detroit, Philadelphia and Chicago were tied for first place in the American league.

"Shorty" Girard of Exeter, who was seen in this city last summer, and who later went to Nashua as a shortstop, is playing a great game in the same position for Haverhill.

Amherst has withdrawn from the tri-collegiate baseball league on account of the disqualification of Pitcher Kane, on charges of professionalism. The Amherst faculty acquitted Kane on the same charges and the action of the league officials is regarded by the students of the aggrieved college as an attempt to prevent Amherst from winning the championship.

Report has it that Fred Doe has signed "King" Kelley of Derry, the clever catcher who played with Manchester last season, but has been chary about signing with any team this year. It is also said that Towne, the Bates college pitcher, will join Doe's team at the close of the college season. Doe is also looking for a left handed twirler and the Dover Democrat says that he is negotiating for a man who will be the best pitcher in the New England league. Presumably this means Varney, but it hardly seems likely that Doe will be able to put up enough money to secure the big collegian.

Pockets and Sentiment.

"Married or unmarried?" asked the measurer of a Walnut street tailor's establishment of a customer yesterday afternoon just as the Saunterer chanced to stroll into the place.

"Unmarried," replied the young man, with a blush.

"Inside pocket on the left side, then," observed the tailor, as if talking to himself, while in the memorandum book on the counter he made a note to that effect.

After the young man had departed the Saunterer could not refrain from the query:

"What difference does his being single make in his inside vest pockets?"

"Ah, my dear sir," observed the knight of the thread and needle with a bland smile, "all the difference in the world. Being unmarried, he, of course, wants the pocket on the left side so as to bring his sweetheart's picture over the heart."

"But doesn't a married man want his wife's picture in the same place?" inquired the scribe.

"Well, there may have been an instance of that kind," replied the tailor in a doubtfully hesitant tone of voice, "but I must confess that such a one never came under my observation."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Chesterfield's Shrewdness.

Lord R., who had many good qualities and even learning, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physic and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foibles and wished on a certain occasion to have his vote, went to him one morning and, after having conversed on indifferent matters, complained of a headache and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of bleeding was thrown out. "I have no objection, and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?" said the tactful and politic Chesterfield. After the operation he said, "By the way, do you go to the house today?"

"I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question to be debated," answered the impromptu physician. "Which side will you be on?"

Lord Chesterfield, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment. He took him to the house and got him to vote as he pleased. He afterward said that few of his friends had done as much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country.

"IN A MIST TOWN."

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping.
Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat.
Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,
And the pool is clear for travel wearied feet!

Sorely throb my feet, a tramping London high ways
(Ah, the springy moss upon a northern moor!)
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and byways,
Homeless in the city, poor among the poor!

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting
Midst gray dikes and hedges in the autumn sun!
London water's wine, poured out for all un-dinting—
God! for the little brooks that tumble as they run!

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blow—
Inc.,
Soughing through the fir tops upon northern fells!
Oh, my eye's an-ache to see the brown burns flowing
Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather bells!

—Ada Smith in Quarterly Latin.

"Pianiste" and "Artiste."
We observe with pain that impassioned press agents and would be genteel persons persist in calling a female pianist a "pianiste," thinking thereby to determine sex by the final letter. But "pianiste" is the French word for pianist, and it is a masculine noun as well as feminine.

And so there is a mistaken use of the word "artiste." Mr. Leonidas Svet, the formidable pianist, is an artist, but Miss Eugenia Hammerkuis is a charming "artiste," as well as a fascinating "pianiste." "Artiste," however, is a French word and is primarily masculine. The English word "artist," meaning specifically "one skilled in music," is as old as 1690—"argues a bad case and a bungling artist"—and Addison in 1712 spoke of "that excellent artist having shown us the Italian music in its perfection."

But this word is now obsolete except as in the general application, "one who cultivates one of the fine arts, in which the object is mainly to gratify the aesthetic emotions by perfection of execution, whether in creation or representation." The word "artiste" is a reintroduction of the French word, "in consequence of the modern tendency to restrict 'artist' to those engaged in the fine arts, and especially painting." It means a public performer who appeals to the aesthetic faculties, as a singer, dancer or one who makes a fine art of his employment, as a cook, barber, corn doctor. Thus Chorley spoke in 1832 of "the German artistes who did such ample justice to the choruses of the 'Freischutz,'" and the "artistes" were male and female. If the sex of the performer must be indicated in one word, why do not the anxious use the word of Horace Walpole, "artistess," which means a female artist? It is no viler form than "artiste" in sexual distinction.—Musical Record.

Threadbare Carpets.
Threadbare carpets are no longer the despair of the thrifty housewife who longs for their banishment, but dreads the expense of their replacement. She knows now her clear and satisfactory duty in the matter. In all large cities there are factories where old carpets of all kinds are cut into strips and woven into beautiful velvety rugs. The new fabric retains the colors of the original, but these are so blended that no one predominates, and the revised pattern is soft and artistic. No carpet is too worn or soiled to be put through the process, and no preparatory cleaning is necessary. A ragged ingrain, brussels or other carpet may be taken up, the floor stained while it is away, and presently the covering is returned in the shape of fresh, handsome rugs, whose beginning cannot be suspected by the most critical observer.—New York Post.

A CASE OF IT.

Many More Like It in Portsmouth.

The following case is but one of many similar occurring daily in Portsmouth. It is an easy matter to verify its correctness. Surely you cannot ask for better proof than such conclusive evidence.

Mr. George W. Lord of 44 Congress street, says:—"Occasionally I had an attack of lame back and pain in the loins. The latter was caused from simply moving a small stand as I was retiring for the night. I felt it all through me, causing a sort of nausea, a disagreeable sensation in the head, tenderness over the loins, backache and trouble with the kidney secretions. At first the pain was acute, then it settled down to a dull grinding ache. I happened to read something about Doan's Kidney Pills. The recommendations were so positive and the representations were so convincing I concluded to try them and went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got a box. I only took a few doses before they relieved me. The second night after taking them I was able to sleep soundly all the time. Soon I was quite free from the aching, lameness and other inconveniences."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

H. W. NICKERSON,
LICENSED EMBALMER
— AND —
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
6 Daniel St. Portsmouth.

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Telephone at office and residence.

THE HERALD

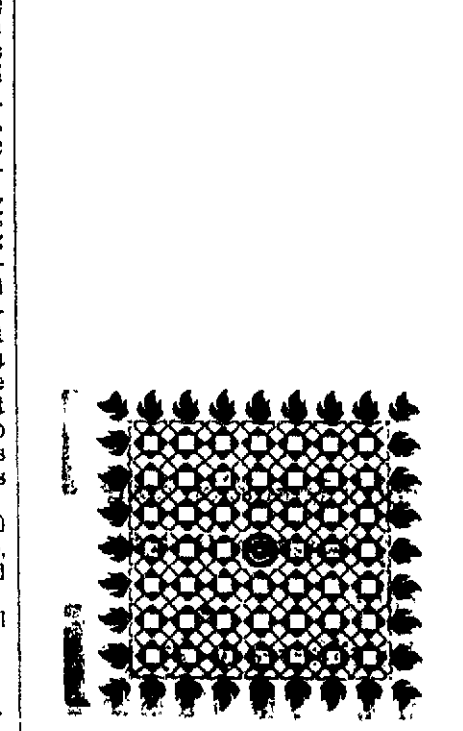
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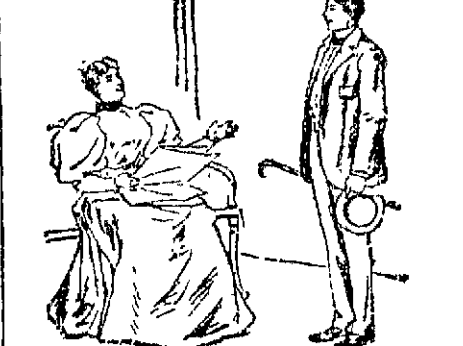
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Speed Increased
Touch Elastic
Automatic Convenience

Operation Unchangeable
Typing Rapidly
Injuring Speed
Strength Maintenance
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UNDERWOOD
At the Herald Office



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we lack up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

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LADIES AND GENTS TAILOR
20 High Street.

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is the sales are constantly increasing in the old territory and meeting with big success in new fields.

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(Successor to Samuel S. Fitch)
60 Market Street.
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— AND —
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.
Telephone 59-2.

RIPANS

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tablets. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the nervous system and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general tonic up. The Ripans Tablets are sold for an ordinary price. The family bottle, 25 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1854.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Terms \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance, 5 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.

Communications should be addressed to:

HERALD PUBLISHING CO.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Telephone 21-2.

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Editors and Proprietors.

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office second class mail matter.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1902.

Senator Carmack, who has been very free and fierce in his denunciation of army officers in the Philippines and who has been indulging in unbridled criticism of our military policy there, has had occasion to take back some of his remarks. His retraction, made last Friday, included this expression: "Now, that I am on my feet, Mr. President, I will say that I drifted yesterday into a long discussion without any intention of doing so when I took the floor. Under an honest and genuine sense of outrage and indignation for many things that have occurred I used some language and some epithets which I recognized were not proper to be used. Whatever may be my opinion of Smith, or of Bell, or of Funston, I recognize that it adds nothing to the force of a statement to denounce them in harsh, bitter, and severe language. Just and proper comment upon any conduct of theirs is entirely right, but I recognize that whatever may have been their action in the Philippines or elsewhere it is not proper to apply to them harsh and offensive epithets. I wish to express my regret that I have done so, and in future, whatever may be the stress of this debate or the intensity of my own feelings, I shall attempt to refrain from the use of any such language."

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Referring to the recent arrest in Canada of Col. Gaynor and Capt. Greene, charged with being concerned with Capt. Oberlin M. Carter in stealing half a million dollars or so from the United States government by means of frauds in connection with harbor improvements in Georgia, a Washington dispatch says if their extradition has been asked on a charge of embezzlement they will have to be tried on that charge only. If they are returned to this country, as to try them on any other charge "would be a breach of good faith which the British government would not tolerate."

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But this provision was not always included in the treaty, and its absence enabled certain British interests, once upon a time, to prevent the extradition from England of an American rascal whose return to the country the said British interests were extremely desirous of preventing.

It happened at that time that there were three American refugees from justice under arrest in London, and all charged with offenses that were within the scope of the extradition treaty. One was a fellow named Winslow, who had been a preacher and a newspaper publisher in Boston, and who had eloped with a lot of other people's money—said to be about \$300,000, if our memory is not at fault. Another was one Gray, of New York, charged with being a forger; and the third was one Col. Lawrence, also of New York, who was charged with swindling the United States government out of a vast sum by means of custom house frauds.

Now the Britons did not care a snap what became of Winslow or Gray; but they did want to keep Lawrence on their side of the Atlantic, it being understood that if he was got before an American court gigantic swindling operations, in the line of undervaluations by London exporting houses and paying on the part of their agents in New York, would be exposed. So the counsel for one of the scamps whose extradition was asked—we do not remember which one it was, and it is immaterial—argued the court, having jurisdiction in the case to rule that he could not be returned to the United States unless its government would give a guaranty that he should not be tried for any other offense than that named in the writ of extradition, and that if acquitted on that charge he should be allowed time and opportunity to return to England before being again subject to arrest.

No extradited person had ever been tried in this country or in England for any other offense other than the one he was extradited for, and there was of course no active fear that such would be done in this case; but it was believed that the United States government would refuse to submit to the humiliation of allowing a British

disaster to impose conditions that were not mentioned in the treaty, and that consequently the British judge would see his own way clear to dismissing all the prisoners. That was just what did take place, and the London exporters and their New York agents were saved much damage in reputation and pocket.

The London papers argued that this was all right; that it would be manifestly unjust to extradite a man for one offense, and the try him for another, and if there was no provision in the treaty to prevent this, there should be; and they patronizingly assured the Americans that if their government should express a desire to secure an amendment of the treaty, Her Majesty's government would undoubtedly assent to it.

But the United States government did not request an amendment of the treaty. Not at all. A bluff old soldier named Grant was president at that time, and he at once notified every United States judge having jurisdiction in extradition proceedings that, as Great Britain had practically arrogated the extradition treaty, between the two countries by allowing a British court to impose condition not named or implied in the treaty, no American court was therefore to take any action under it.

This was something entirely unlooked for, and undesired. Instead of assuring the part of a suppliant for the rectification of the treaty—for the provision referring to was really a proper and needful one to be incorporated in it—the American administration knocked out the treaty altogether with one solar plexus blow. The London papers were furiously indignant, and declared that Grant's action in the premises was all of a piece with the average "philistine diplomacy" of this country, which has always been noted for saying what it means, instead of keeping as far as possible away from the real question at issue, after the kind, honored custom of European diplomacy. All the same, it was England that had to ask for a revision and re-negotiation of the extradition treaty, which she lost no time in doing. But neither Lawrence, Gray nor Winslow was ever extradited again, on behalf of the United States.

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GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

I am told that the old eight-eared rowboat recently put on the route between the South end and the navy yard was once one of the finest race boats attached to a ship, and that during the days of the old wooden vessels it did good service with the U. S. S. Tennessee. Of late years, it has been condemned and stored at the yard. The boat was bought a few months ago by a crew of the yard workmen living at the South end, who had it repaired and painted at a cost less than twelve dollars. This outfit had a complete crew on Monday night, for the first time since her resurrection, when ten men who had not moved an oar so fast for twenty years and who had been rated as "has-beens" got after the other crews and landed on this side of the river with all their opponents a considerable distance astern.

Nearly all things which have grown to be effectual have had small beginnings. Now, while the City Improvement society is being organized, would it not be well for shop keepers and householders alike to consider themselves associate members and thereby help along the good cause? Each one can see that the street just outside the curb is swept regularly when needed and the sweepings placed in the ash barrel. I hear some one say that the city ought to do this, but the city carts cannot get around every day. Let us not say what the city ought to do, but have an individual pride in keeping our own premises neat. If one does a regularly, others will fall in line. A preliminary meeting of this society, which I hope and believe will be of great benefit to the community, is to be held today, Wednesday.

No, the golf team of the Country club has no idea of standing just because the score in that game with the Exeter club last Saturday was so one-sided. The season of team matches has but just begun and the local players are confident of their ability to make a very respectable showing before the autumn arrives.

What Hampton Beach ought to have is a promenade on the plan of the famous board walk at Atlantic City. There is a fine opportunity for one at this shore resort of New Hampshire and it would most assuredly add to the popularity of the spot. From Leavitt's beach to Hampton river bridge—what a stretch of plank that would be! I wonder the idea has never been developed in the fertile brain of Wallace D. Lovell.

Passengers on the trains over the Dover branch have an excellent chance to see what a busy place Freeman's Point is these days. From the car window the swarms of Italians, hurrying with pick and shovel into the hills or dumping cartloads of dirt into the depressions and leveling it off, present an interesting spectacle. The wide territory over which these little hundreds are spread out affords a striking indication of the extensive project which the White Mountain paper company is carrying out there.

One of our prominent merchants evidently believes that the dollars of the small army of Italians encamped at Freeman's Point are worth making a strong bid for. He has issued handbills printed in the language of these industrious foreigners, setting forth the superior bargains which he has to offer. It strikes me as a clever stroke of enterprise, which ought to repay him well.

I have an idea that after the Portsmouth and Exeter electric railway is completed, we shall see new houses spring up like mushrooms all along the line in our suburban town of Greenland. I know a number of business and professional men in Portsmouth who are eagerly waiting the chance to unshackle themselves from the exorbitant rents here in town by building homes for themselves out in that direction, where they will still be in convenient touch with their offices and shops by means of the trolley cars.

THE CANAL AND VOLCANOES.

Geologists say volcanoes may readily break out at any point in the Andean and Rocky mountain chain—the backbone of the two continents. This may occur at any point as well as another, so far as volcanoes can see and weigh the forces of the earth's interior at Panama as well as at Nicaragua, at Colon as well as at Greytown. There are no active volcanoes at Panama, but less than two hundred miles away there are sleeping ones that have been very destructive. Neither in Nicaragua nor Costa Rica is there an active volcano, but about two hundred miles away, in Guatemala, there has been a volcanic outbreak accompanied by earthquakes.

Honors are thus easy. The Nicaragua route is no more endangered by earth disturbances than is the Panama route—either may be overwhelmed in that way, but neither will probably be in this century. No disaster of a volcanic nature occurred in the last century that would have crippled a canal laid on either route. And as for earthquakes, the danger, says the last commission, "is essentially the same," and that in neither case is it sufficient to prevent the construction of a canal.

The opponents of any canal are working the volcano for all it is worth, and a considerable motive besides, and their attacks upon the Nicaragua route are not inspired by a love for the other route, but by a desire to embarrass and weaken the Nicaragua route so that no canal will be at all authorized this year. Delay is what they are waiting for and not a choice between two rival routes.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MARTINIQUE.

(By Walter J. Ballant.)

From "Colonial Administration," published by the treasury bureau at

Paris.

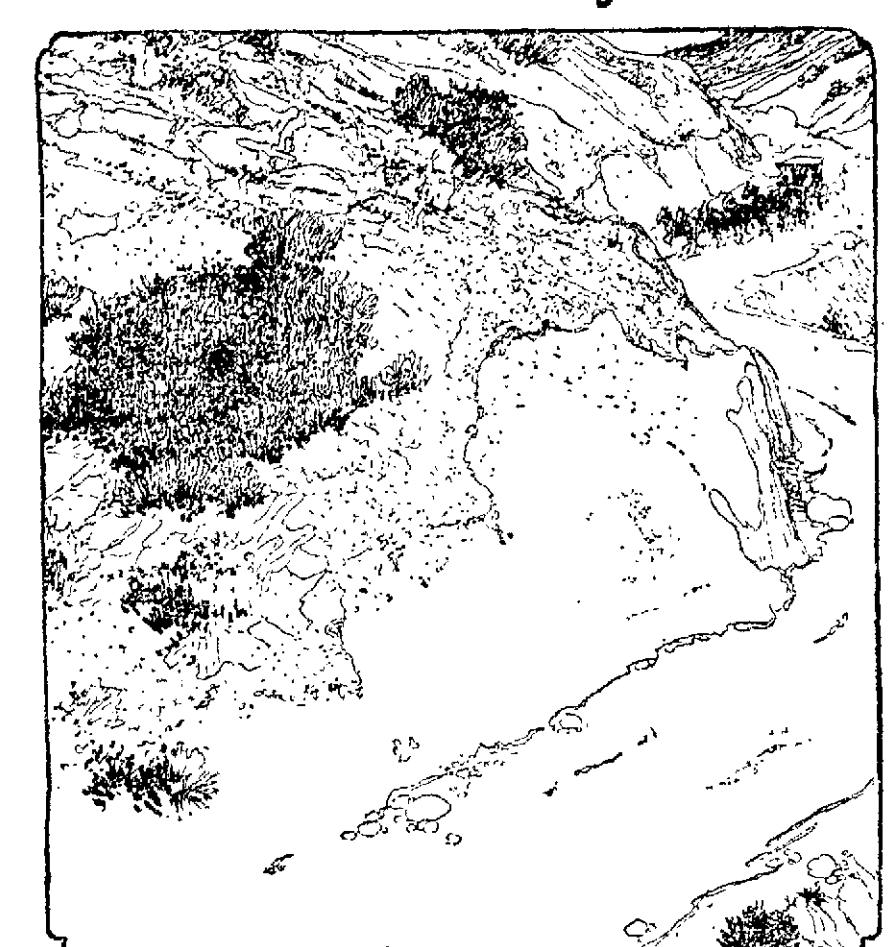
The bare-headed girl is once more with us.

For Over Sixty Years

Mr. Winslow's PROTHIOSE SOAP has been used for children's bathing. It is the only soap that keeps the skin soft and white, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea, twenty-five cents a bottle.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Herald's Daily Puzzle.



WHERE IS THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Little Tales.

In the senate recently President Frye sat in his chair and gazed at the ceiling. Senator Proctor tore the back off an envelope and wrote on it: "Dear Frye: How can you sit there when the ice is out of the lake?"

Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, who was elected once on the democratic ticket and once on the republican ticket from the same district, was reproached at a political meeting for changing his politics.

"You people who stick to the tenet of 'sixteen to one,'" said Sibley in reply, "remind me of a man I saw once in a lunatic asylum. He was capering through the hall astride a broomstick. 'Ah, ha,' I said to him, thinking to be pleasant, 'I see you are having a fine ride on your horse.' 'This isn't a horse,' he replied. 'Isn't a horse?' said I, 'then what is it?' 'It's a hobby,' he replied. 'If it was a horse I could get off.'"

THE SHOE BUSINESS.

The shoe business is in far from a satisfactory condition, but most manufacturers regard this only as a breathing spell. It is not a fall either; it only seems so. The season with the same time of year. There are a good many shoe makers made today, but in most of them there would not be any business in taking care of a little more business. There has been some improvement in the traffic recently, and leather dealers have noted that shoe manufacturers are taking more interest in the market. This may mean much or little. Buyers are always looking for bargains, and if they can obtain concessions in leather, would be apt to land a few orders that otherwise could not be expected for some time yet. It seems evident that jobbers are not carrying large stocks, for every order placed by them has a hurry clause attached, although this may be occasioned by the possibility that they are short on some particular line.

News on every page of the Herald.

SUMMER SHOE STYLES.

There is another decided change in summer shoes. It is the low-cut slipper for street wear. This is on the colonial plan, and is often seen in plain dull kid, with a button strap, which is concealed under a gilt chain. The old fashioned clogging has been revived, and is shown most effectively, embroidered in the delicate shades on black. For the girl with extravagant tastes, and a pocket book equal to them, there is the dainty stocking with lace insertions, and one with delicate little roses painted or embroidered on the instep.

There are stockings to suit every fancy and purse, the prices ranging from 50 cents to \$1.25, and they never have reached such a perfection of daintiness and beauty as they have this season.

For Over Sixty Years

Mr. Winslow's PROTHIOSE SOAP has been used for children's bathing. It is the only soap that keeps the skin soft and white, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea, twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts.

39 to 45 Market Street.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Vice Pres., James Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, fourth Sunday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.

Pres., Gordon Preble;
Sec., E. W. Clark.
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.

Pres., William B. Randall;
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Hoyt;
Sec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;
Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster;
Sergeant-at-Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Peirce hall second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.

Pres., William T. Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Donald A. Randall.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.

Pres., Stanton Truman;
Sec., John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 309.

Pres., John Harrington;
Sec., William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres., E. P. Gilney;
Sec., M. J. Miller.
Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres., William Harrison;
Sec., Walter Staples.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres., John Gorman;
Sec., James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.

Pres., John Long;
Sec., Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec., James McNaughton.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres., Frank Dennett;
Sec., John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres., Jere. Coughig;
Sec., Michael Leyden.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLEERS.

Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres., Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;
Fin. Sec., John Connell.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

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Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

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WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

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PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 3, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—William P. Gardner, C.; Charles B. Allen, V. C. Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank S. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Charles W. Hanscom, Ind.; Malcomb D. Stuart, Ex.; William C. Berry, I. P.; William Emery, O. P.; Harry Hersum, Trustee.

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Newark cement

100 Barrels of the above Cement Job

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION.
Winter Arrangement.
(In Effect October 14, 1901.)

Leave Portsmouth
For Boston—3:50, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m.; 2:21, 5:00, 7:28, p. m. Sunday, 3:50, 8:00, a. m.; 2:21, 5:00, p. m.
For Portland—9:55, 10:45, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, 8:50, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m.; 8:55, p. m.
For Wells Beach—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.
For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.
For North Conway—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, p. m.
For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a. m.; 2:40, 5:25, 5:30, p. m.
For Rochester—9:45, 9:55, a. m.; 2:40, 5:25, 5:30, p. m.
For Dover—4:50, 9:45, a. m.; 12:15, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m.; 8:57, p. m.
For North Hampton and Hampton—7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m.; 5:00, p. m. Sunday, 8:00, a. m.; 5:00, p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth
Leave Boston—7:30, 9:00, 10:10, a. m.; 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45, p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00, a. m.; 6:40, 7:00, p. m.
Leave Portland—2:00, 9:00, a. m.; 12:45, 5:40, p. m. Sunday, 2:00, a. m.; 12:45, p. m.
Leave North Conway—7:25, a. m.; 4:15, p. m.
Leave Rochester—7:19, 9:47, a. m.; 8:50, 6:25, p. m. Sunday, 7:00, a. m.
Leave Somersworth—6:35, 7:32, 10:00, a. m.; 4:05, 6:39, p. m.
Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24, a. m.; 1:40, 4:30, 8:20, p. m. Sunday, 7:30, a. m.; 9:25, p. m.
Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50, a. m.; 2:13, 4:59, 6:16, p. m. Sunday, 6:26, 10:06, a. m.; 8:09, p. m.
Leave North Hampton—9:28, 11:55, a. m.; 2:19, 5:05, 6:21, p. m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:12, a. m.; 8:15, p. m.
Leave Greenland—9:35, a. m.; 12:01, 2:25, 5:11, 6:27, p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:16, a. m.; 8:20, p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch.
Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:
Portsmouth—8:30, a. m.; 12:45, 5:25, p. m.
Greenland Village—8:39, a. m.; 12:54, 5:33, p. m.
Rockingham Junction—9:07, a. m.; 1:07, 5:58, p. m.
Epping—9:22, a. m.; 1:21, 6:14, p. m.
Raymond—9:32, a. m.; 1:32, 6:25, p. m.
Returning leave
Concord—7:45, 10:25, a. m.; 3:30, p. m.
Manchester—8:32, 11:10, a. m.; 4:20, p. m.
Raymond—9:10, 11:48, a. m.; 5:02, p. m.
Epping—9:22, a. m.; 12:00, m.; 5:15, p. m.
Rockingham Junction—9:47, a. m.; 12:17, 5:56, p. m.
Greenland Village—10:01, a. m.; 12:26, 6:08, p. m.
Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.
Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.
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York Harbor & Beach R. R.
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Leave York Beach 6:25, 10:00 a. m.; 1:30, 4:05 p. m.
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Portsmouth Electric Railway.

Time Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 20, 1901

Main Line.
Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head, connecting for Exeter and Newburyport, at 7:05 a. m., 8:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 8:30 a. m., 9:55 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. 1:05, 5:05, 7:05, 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton.
Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8:03 a. m., 9:05 and hourly until 9:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 6:10 a. m., 7:30 a. m. and 10:35 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head at 9:10 and 10:10 p. m.
Plains Loop.
Up Middle Street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05.
Up Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05. Last car each night runs to car barn only. Running time to Plains, 12 minutes.
Christian Shore Line.
Leave Market Square for B. & M. Station and Christian Shore at 6:25 a. m., 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05.
Returning—Leave Corner Bartlett and Morning Streets at 6:10 a. m., 6:50, 7:20 and half-hourly until 9:50 p. m., and at 10:20 and 11:05.
*Omitted Sundays.
**Saturdays only.
W. T. Perkins, D. J. Flanders, Supt. G. P. & T. A.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

TIME TABLE.
April 1 Until September 30.
Leaves Navy Yard—7:55, 8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 10:00, 10:30, 11:45, a. m.; 1:35, 2:00, 3:00, 4:05, 5:00, 5:50, 7:45 p. m. Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a. m.; 12:15, 12:35 p. m. Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.
Leaves Portsmouth—8:10, 8:30, 8:50, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00 10:00 p. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 m.
*Wednesdays and Saturdays.
P. F. HARRINGTON, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.
Approved: B. J. CHOMWELL, Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant.

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AND TURFING DONE.
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Cemetery lots for sale, also to Loan and Turf. Orders left at his residence, 107 of the corner of Market and North streets, or by mail, or by letter with Oliver W. Harrington, 107 of the corner of Market street, will receive prompt attention.
M. J. GRIFFIN.

Painkiller
Is the best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago.
Beware of imitations, the genuine is PERRY DAVIS.

Old India Pale Ale
Homestead Ale
AND
Nourishing Stout
Are specially brewed and bottled by
THE
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Ask your Dealer for them.
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The Best Spring Tonic on the Market.

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HEROES OF OUR NAVY

STORIES OF THEIR NAVY DEEDS IN ASIATIC WATERS

The First Clash Between American Citizens and the Chinese—The Commander Glynn Brought the Japanese Officials to Terms.
The first passage at arms between American citizens and Chinese was in 1809, when Mr. J. P. Stungis of Boston arrived in the ship Atahualpa, Captain Bacon, at Macao. The terrible Chinese pirate Apocasa was then ravaging the coast, capturing imperial forts, laying whole towns under contribution, massacring those who opposed him and terrorizing the mandarins. In vain were rewards offered for his head. Having watched and seen the chief officer and an armed boat's crew leaving the Atahualpa for the city to obtain a river pilot, he thought the capture of the foreign devil's ship would be easy. Raising his junks under color of moving up the river and feigning to run past the American ship, the pirates suddenly rounded, expecting to keep on board and kill the 15 or 20 men left there. Instead of quick success the Chinaman caught a Tartar.
Astounded as the Yankies were, their cannon were fortunately loaded, and they made lively use of them, and with Brown Bess muskets, horse pistols and boarding pikes defended themselves with spirit. The Chinese threw on deck plenty of those homemade hand grenades which, owing to the quantity of sulphur in the powder, were unexpectedly termed "stinkpots," but they killed none of their foes. Amid the shrieks and groans of their wounded a hellish din with gongs and drums was kept up. The Yankies fired with such effect that the Chinese were beaten off. Apocasa called away his men, and his ships were soon lost to sight. This episode put such courage into the cowardly mandarins, by means of bribery and treachery, they secured the ex-throat Apocasa and had him put to death by the slow and prolonged process of hacking, called "the thousand cuts." From this time forth there was intense respect for Americans at Canton and Macao, and business increased with little interruption.
The following is an interesting and dramatic early naval incident that occurred in Japanese waters:
Captain Geisinger, formerly of the Peacock, hearing from the Dutch consul at Canton of 18 sailors imprisoned at Nagasaki, ordered commander Glynn in the United States brig, Pease, to rescue them. At this time the seas were so little known, the charts so imperfect and the season so inclement that naval men at Hongkong laughed at the idea of the little 14 gun brig ever arriving at her destination. At Napa, in the Loo-Choo islands, the natives openly scorned the notion of Glynn being able to do anything, when, in the "Japanese victory over the Americans"—referring to the episode in Yesso bay—a ship of the line and a sloop of war had been "driven away."
All this put Glynn on his mettle. Reaching Nagasaki, he dashed through the cordon of boats and dropped anchor within range of the city suburbs. The boom of the cannon announcing his arrival was sweet music to the American sailors in prison. Boarded by a chief interpreter with attendants, who inquired his business, Glynn was ordered to leave the waters of Japan at once. The American's immediate reply was that his mission was to the government. Then rather ostentatiously he gave the order to leave anchor, spread sail and move forward. Visions of involuntary baraki kiri at once excited the Japanese to voluble protests. Nevertheless Glynn moved into the inner harbor and anchored within 200 yards of the batteries on either side of the anchorage. He refused to see anybody but the governor, sending word that he would not leave until he had obtained the American seamen on deck. He demanded their immediate release. Furthermore, he made it plain that if the cordon of boats was not quickly broken up he would blow them out of the water.
During the nine days the Pease remained a great army of soldiers gathered. Extra guns to the number of 60 were mounted, any one of which, rightly trained, might have sunk the Pease. Yet, in spite of the glittering arms, the bright and variegated colors of the feudal banners and the military and naval flags, the American commander, while granting a little longer time, refused to modify his request. Half his crew were on deck all the time, and every precaution against surprise and preparation for attack was made. Glynn was seconded by Lieutenant Silas Bent. A new governor came into office. Visiting Glynn in the cabin, he asked for three days more time. Making an end to suavity of manner, Glynn dashed his fist upon the table and exclaimed, "Not another hour!" Nor should the governor nor any of the party leave the ship till he got an answer. Instantly the excited Japanese stood up, the interpreter telling Commander Glynn that this was a high officer and must not be so spoken to. "So am I," retorted Glynn. "I represent the government of the United States." A parley was then asked for by the Japanese. With watch in hand, Glynn waited during the promised 15 minutes. When the Japanese returned to the cabin, the governor remarked to Glynn that he could have the men on the following day.
Then "grim visaged war smoothed his wrinkled front." With the frankest cordiality Glynn ordered refreshments, extended every courtesy and showed the officers the drill, discipline, manual of arms and general quarters. The next day the imprisoned Americans were brought on board, with every particle of property that belonged to them or their owners. Within 59 days from leaving, Glynn had returned to Hongkong.—"Our Navy in Asiatic Waters," by William Elliot Griffis in Harper's Magazine.

PLAYING CARDS.

What the Suits Are Said to Have Originally Represented.
There may be some among you who are not acquainted with the four symbols upon which fortunes are hourly waged. In the first place, you must understand that cards are of French origin, having been invented about the year 1390 to drive away the melancholy moods of Charles IV of France. Printing not then being one of the arts, cards were painted by hand, and in a synodical canon interdicting their use by the clergy issued within 20 years of their origination they are described as "painted little leaves." Thus early you see was recognized the possibility of their being put to evil uses, and that they were quickly seized upon as a medium for gaming is shown by the fact that 50 years after their invention severe edicts were passed against them, and the Duke of Savoy only permitted women the pastime "for pins and needles."
Their inventor intended the four suits to represent the four classes of men in the French kingdom. The hearts represent the choir men or ecclesiastics, termed in French gens de coeur. The clubs were corrupted into cour, meaning hearts, as you all know. The spades, who obtained the use of cards from the French, have chances as one of their suits instead of hearts, proving conclusively that the ecclesiastics were intended to be represented. What we call "spades" were originally intended as pikes or the points of lances, being representative of the noble or military class. The "diamonds," which all fortune tellers tell you are indicative of wealth, were originally intended as square stone tiles and are representative of the order of citizens, merchants, tradesmen and artisans. "Clubs" are nothing more than the three leaved clover, which was originally intended as the symbol of the husbandmen and peasants.
Now for the meaning of the "court" or "face" cards. As to the original standing of the four kings there is some difference of opinion. Some say that the king of clubs originally represented the arms of the pope, the king of spades the arms of the king of France, the king of diamonds the arms of the king of Spain, and the king of hearts the arms of the king of England. This explanation is of doubtful origin. It is more likely that the four kings characterize the heads of the Jewish, Greek, Roman and Frankish empires, the kings depicted being David (spades), Alexander (clubs), Caesar (diamonds) and Charles (hearts). In fact, to this day many French cards bear their names.
In packs so marked the queens are thus named: Argine (hearts), Judith (clubs), Rachel (diamonds) and Pallas (spades). Argine is an anagram for "Regina," and the four names respectively royalty, fortitude, piety and wisdom. They are supposed to be likenesses of Marie d'Anjou, queen of Charles VII; Isabeau, the queen mother; Agnes Sorel, the king's mistress; and Jeanne d'Arc.
The jacks or knaves represent the servants to knights. In old time knave meant simply a servant, and in fact in an old translation of the Bible St. Paul is spoken of as "the knave of Christ."—Philadelphia Times.
Oriental Occultism.
The charm called Kuran-garden (the turning of the Koran) in Persia is well known. The way in which it is done is as follows: A key is so placed among the leaves of the Holy Book that the handle and part of the shaft may protrude, and it is secured by a bit of cord fastened tightly across the volume. Two persons then put their forefingers under the handle and support the book, which hangs down lightly between their hands. A certain verse is then repeated once for every suspected person, and at the same of the thief the volume turns round of itself, and the handle slips off the forefingers of the two persons that hold it.
This superstition was formerly common in Europe, the Bible being the locus tenens of the Koran. It is now obsolete, except in a few remote localities. The Portuguese of Goa, being a people of strong faith, will use a hymn or mass book as well as the holy volume, and recite an Ave Maria, sometimes with, sometimes without, a Pater Noster in the Lingoa Baroa.—Humanitarian.
Dressing a Dog's Meat.
I went to church not long ago, says a contributor, and heard the following tale given in explanation of the words "collection" and "offering," and the difference between them:
A certain small boy had a dog which he had named Fido. The boy was very fond of Fido. One day at dinner the boy's father noticed him taking the best of the portion of roast beef which had fallen to his lot and placing it on another plate. Upon inquiry the father learned that the meat was for the dog Fido. "My son," said papa, "it would be better if you ate that meat yourself and gave Fido some of the scraps which are left." The boy protested, but the father was obdurate. At the conclusion of the meal the boy took out to Fido a plate heaped with scraps of the roast. "Here, Fido," said the boy, "I wanted to make you an offering, but here is only a collection."—Albany Journal.
Matthew Arnold.
Max Muller relates that Tennyson once exclaimed upon opening a dish cover at the house of a young and modest couple who had gone to some trouble to "breakfast" him, "Matton chops, the staple of every bad lun in England!" If it were not Max Muller or some equally august person who told of this astounding deviation from decency on the part of a gentleman, one would refuse to believe it. Yet Max Muller names Matthew Arnold as a wonderful example of perfect manners, and there are Americans who heard him say to his wife at an American breakfast table, "Try these cakes, my dear; they're not as nasty as they look."

THE OLD UTAH MINT.

A COINAGE SYSTEM THAT WAS BORN OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.
The Story of the Ancient and Almost Forgotten Deseret Gold Money—Few of the Pieces Are in Existence at the Present Time.
The ancient coinage of Utah, the period when the glittering particles of yellow gold from California were minted in a little adobe building in Salt Lake, has been half forgotten. The written and printed records of that time, by a strange oversight, throw no light on the subject.
Those Utahans whose memory dates back to 1849 remember the establishment of the mint, but the exact dates are confused. It was some time toward the close of 1849 that the mint was inaugurated as a measure of public convenience. Brigham Young was the instigator of the coinage system and exercised a personal supervision over the work.
Prior to the establishment of the mint all gold dust had to be weighed when payments for merchandise or other articles were made. In many cases the merchant with whom the purchaser was dealing had no gold scales, and much trouble resulted. The mint was too precious to admit of guesswork in ascertaining the weight required to cover a given sum, and the customer would be put to the trouble of looking up scales to aid him in his payment.
Old timers disagree as to who made the dies with which the gold was stamped into \$2.50, \$5, \$10 and \$20 coins. The honor lies between John Kay and James M. Barlow. Kay was a mechanic and Barlow a jeweler and dentist. Judge Hammond of San Juan, who came to Utah in 1848, says that dies were made by both men.
He thinks Kay made the first, which were unsatisfactory and imperfect, and that Barlow made the later ones.
Thomas Bullock was chief clerk and active director of the mint during its entire operation. The gold which was used came chiefly from California, much of it being brought here by members of the Mormon battalion on their return from the Mexican war.
They carried the precious dust and nuggets in buckskin pouches to the mint, where it was weighed and coined absolutely without alloy. The mint building was at that time a considerably more pretentious structure than it is today. It was two stories high and contained half a dozen rooms.
The crucibles in which the gold was melted were in the cellar. The primitive machine with which the cooling metal was stamped into coin stood in a back room on the first floor. All the work was done by hand and every piece of the machinery was made by Salt Lake artisans. Of necessity, no base metal appeared in the finished product. Twenty-five grains of gold was the equivalent of a dollar.
The man who had 67½ grains turned that amount over to Mr. Bullock, who sent it at once to Messrs. Kay and Barlow. It was immediately melted and turned into a coin of the value of \$2.50. So it was with the pieces of larger denomination, and the mint customer, if he so desired, could follow his metal with his eyes from his pouch through the crucible, press and stamp.
No toll was taken out of the gold, the coinage being absolutely free. At first the \$2.50 pieces were most plentiful and popular. Then a large number of \$5 coins were made, and these, with the first named, constituted the bulk of the mint's work. Not many \$10 pieces were minted, and the \$20 coins were still fewer.
The mint ceased operations in 1860 because of the appearance in sufficient quantities of United States gold and silver coins. Although the space of time since the last pouch was emptied into Thomas Bullock's "money mill," as it was called, is comparatively short, few of the coins are known to be in existence today. Because of their purity they were rapidly, and as a consequence deteriorated in value by erosion.
Many of them were remelted and made into necklaces, chains and other articles of jewelry. Apostle Brigham Young has a watch chain that was made from two of the \$20 pieces. He had the chain made in Switzerland while in that country some years ago. E. H. Pierce has one \$20 coin, and several others are in possession of Salt Lake. When President Brigham Young died in 1877, his executors, in going over his personal property, found a locked strong box. On forcing the lid a number of the coins of the period described were found. They covered all the denominations, and were sold at auction, bringing a premium over their face value. President Young's son, Apostle Brigham Young, at that time secured six of the \$5 denomination, which he still has. The others were scattered in such a way as to make it impossible to trace them.
Two sets of dies were used for the \$5 pieces. The first set, as has been stated, proving unsatisfactory, another set was made. No milling appears on the edges except in the last issues.
The lettering and other technical points on both sets were imperfect, but the coins served their day and purpose well. They passed current at their face value as readily outside of Utah as within its borders.
The California slug circulated also very freely here and was used for other purposes besides money. Apostle Brigham Young said recently that as a boy he had frequently seen men pitching quoits with California slugs.—Salt Lake Tribune.
Sowing the Seeds.
Mrs. Milroy—Charles is such a dear fellow! He never goes away without kissing me.
Mrs. Sowerby—You don't suppose there is anything like "business before pleasure" in his mind when he is going away, do you, dear?—Boston Transcript.

MOVING ON SATURDAY.

How a Landlord's Tenants Who Did So Came to Grief.
"There are lots of mysterious things about letting tenement houses," said Colonel J. T. Small. "I am not superstitious, but I would no more let a house on Saturday than I would set fire to it. In all the 20 or 30 years I have been letting tenements no one ever moved into a house of mine on Saturday who didn't give me some trouble."
"It used to happen again and again, till at last I got on to the freak of fortune and stopped it. Once a man moved into one of my houses late on Saturday night. The next day he died, and I had to give his family three months' rent. Another time a man moved in on Saturday and inside of a year committed suicide. Another time the house caught fire while a family was getting into gear on Sunday after moving in on Saturday. Sometimes the family that moves in on Saturday has scarlet fever, sometimes the wife dies of consumption, or some other wasting disease plays havoc among his tribe."
"The other day—not many months ago anyway—a man came to me one Friday and wanted to hire a house. He wanted it the worst kind, and when he said that I asked him when he intended to move in."
"Tomorrow," said he.
"Then you can't have one of my houses," said I, and all the folk who were present laughed at me. The tenant laughed, too, but I stuck it out. I wouldn't let him move in on Saturday. I should expect the devil to pay if you did it," I said, "for I have never known it to fail."
"Well, he wanted to know if I cared if he moved in a few things on Saturday, if he wouldn't go in with his family till Monday. I said, 'No, I don't care,' but as for his sleeping there Sunday and Saturday, I wouldn't let him."
"So he went away, promising, and I vowed that that fellow didn't move all his things in on Saturday and slept there Saturday night. And inside of a week the factory where he worked was burned to the ground, and he lost his job and was out of work for months. He owes me rent now, and he's the last man who will ever move into one of my houses on Saturday."
"I suppose the underlying principle of it all is that a man who will observe and keep holy the Sabbath will not move Saturday, because he knows he must do some work on Sunday, and a man who will never give his landlord any trouble is the man who will not break the Lord's day."
Moral—Don't move on Saturday.—Lewiston Journal.
A Locust Plague in Africa.
The largest locust swarm I ever witnessed I date recorded in my diary under date Sept. 16 of the same year. Being on that date at the Limbi plantation, about six miles from Blantyre, I saw them passing, like a dense cloud, some distance to the westward. Returning to the mission on the following morning, I saw, as I had noted, "the trees beyond the Nasolo brown with locusts, the stream full of them and not fit to drink."—In fact, it was black and loathly; the wind may pass unchallenged this time. I remember being struck, one day, once off, by the strange appearance of the trees. They looked all brown and dead, whereas, though this was winter, they should in those parts have shown a fair proportion of green.
I called my handmaiden boys what they made of this unusual phenomenon—were the trees brown or what?—and they replied, "Dumbe." As we drew water we saw them roosting in the branches in clanging masses, almost like swarms of bees. It was a damp, chilly morning, with a driving Scotch mist, and doubtless they felt no inclination to turn out. Later in the day I find the following entry: "Went to Mlomba's, saw Che Ndombi, who says the locusts have eaten the mbelembende." They were getting sharp set by this time.—Longman's Magazine.
A Farmer's Contribution.
A poor workman of Cologne, known by every one but to possess a farthing, put down his name for 20 marks (\$3) on a subscription list for which was circulated in the city in order to purchase a present for his mother's seventieth birthday. The workman was receiving an allowance from the public relief fund, and the overseer of the parish, seeing his name on the subscription list, sent for the man and said to him: "Now, what do you mean by this? Aren't you getting parish pay?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then I should like to know how you are able to give 20 marks toward the testimonial to Prince Bismarck?"
"I don't intend to give them, sir, if you please."
"Well, what did you put your name down for, then?"
"Why, I haven't paid anything, and when they come for the money I shall just ask them to let me off with so many days in jail."
The poor fellow was much disappointed to learn that police court methods would not work in this case.
Why Tabby for Cat?
A Florentine authority says that when we use the word "tabby" associated with cat we go back to the time when Mohammed named Attab governor of Mecca. Then, later on, there was a quarter in Bagdad called "Atta Biyah," where cloth was made of silk and cotton, which material was famous in the eleventh century. The Spanish Moors made this stuff, which was striped, and so in time "tabby cloth" became common in Europe; hence in low Latin "attabi." In Spanish "tabbi," in French "tabis" and in German "tabin." Peggs tells of "taby waistcoat with gold lace," and in the eighteenth century there are many references to "tabby silks" worn by great ladies. Today in the south tabby means a striped stuff.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
MAY 21.
SUN RISES.....4:38 MOON SETS.....7:33 A. M.
SUN SETS.....7:34 FULL SEA.....11:05 A. M.
LUNAR DAY.....14:46

Full Moon, May 23, 5h. 46m. morning, W.
Last Quarter, May 25th, 7h. 0m. morning, W.
New Moon, June 1st, 11h. 12m. morning, E.
First Quarter, June 12th, 6h. 52m. evening, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington May 20.—Forecast for New England: Fair Wednesday, fresh north to northeast winds; Thursday fair.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1902.

"Ah, you—you are an angel,
And I'm a worm," said he;
"I may but gaze up at you
And worship silently."
The angel high above him
Beheld his wistful look
And graciously bent downward
And strung him on her hook.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

CITY BRIEFS.

Pansies are now in their glory.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 24 Congress street.
The Boston and Maine passenger station is being replanked.
The summer residents are already arriving in goodly numbers.

Compare the Herald with other evening papers.

Regular meeting of the city government tomorrow, Thursday, evening.

The casino at Hampton Beach will be opened next Sunday for the season.

Officer Shannon arrested a couple of drunks on Congress street this forenoon.

Five candidates were initiated by Union Rebekah lodge on Tuesday evening.

Apple trees are now in the height of bloom and there is promise of a good crop this season.

Takes the burn out; heals the wound; cures the pain. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, the household remedy.

When doctors fail, try Bardon's Blood Purifiers. Cures dyspepsia, constipation; invigorates the whole system.

At a special meeting next Friday evening, the Athletic club will take action on the proposal to purchase a new home.

Officer Quinn arrested a third boy this afternoon for complicity in the glass breaking at the Creek on Tuesday evening.

Tickets for the Strawberry Festival and Dance Wednesday evening, next, are on sale at J. H. Taylor's and at Hoyt & Dow's.

The supply of vegetables in the market is small at present. New vegetables will soon be received in considerable quantities.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance union will be held in the Y. M. C. A. building at three o'clock Friday afternoon.

No man can cure consumption. You can prevent it though. Dr. Wood's Norway Line Syrup cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma. Never fails.

Lawyer John W. Kelley has returned from abroad where he secured a divorce for Ida Gilchrist from her husband, Ernest Gilchrist, both of York.

Strawberry Festival and Dance, under the auspices of Uniform Rank Knight of Pythias, Wednesday evening, May 21st, Philbrick hall, tickets 25c each.

Denard Lynch is getting up a strong team of firemen to play the Marines Thursday afternoon, Newick and Quinn will probably be the battery for the firemen.

Grass seed has been in good demand the past week, by people who wish to sow the seed upon their lawns. Superphosphate is also in great demand just at present.

The Chronicle newboys and the Daniel streets play ball at Langdon Park on Saturday next. Gordon Jamison captains the Daniel streets and Eddie Hanson the newboys.

Mistress—Where are the hard-boiled eggs I ordered?
Butler—If you please, ma'am, the cook and chambermaid are playing ping-pong with them.—Town Topics.

John Carroll, the popular clerk at Biddle's restaurant, severed his connection there Saturday evening and has gone to Portsmouth, where he has secured a fine position in Charlie Ham's restaurant.—Dover Democrat.

The new firm of McNabb and Mitchell was formed on Monday. The members are Everett N. McNabb of this city and Harry Mitchell of Kittery, who have worked together at the carpenter's trade for a number of years.

Snakes, centipedes and other poisonous things may assault you in your walks through field and forest. Be sure to have a bottle of Perry Davis' Painkiller in the house and you run no risk. Directions on the wrapper.

The new baggage room at the railroad station is nearing completion. It is stated that the American Express company is to have an office in the new building, and there is to be a club room for the conductors in the second story.

The estate of the late Admiral Sampson only figured up about \$18,000. The navy is not a place where great money may be earned, even in the award of prizes such as were distributed as a result of the war with Spain and the capture of some of the warships of that nation.

Down in Louisville a woman prisoner escaped sentence to jail because she was fat. It was felt the penitentiary would not accommodate her. She weighed 400 pounds and the judge did not dare send her to be imprisoned for fear she could not be taken care of. Here's a hint to the building criminals. Take anti-leprosy and let your fatness prove your defence.

AT IT AGAIN.

Two Of Portsmouth's Bad Boys Perform New Exploits.

Bombard The Store Of William Sladen With Rocks.

Edward McMullin and Harry Minnehan Now Lodged In The Police Station As A Result.

Two of Portsmouth's bad boys, Harry Minnehan and Edward McMullin, were locked up in the police station this forenoon as a result of their exploits at the home of William Sladen on Bartlett street, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Sladen is the proprietor of the store just this side of the over-head railroad bridge at the Creek, and lives in the same building.

Tuesday evening Minnehan and McMullin called upon Mr. Sladen and began throwing stones through the windows of his building to attract his attention. When the gentleman went to the door to ascertain the cause of the bombardment of his store, the boys greeted him with a volley of sarcastic remarks and inquired how he liked their style of greeting. Mr. Sladen drew his tormentors away, and this morning entered a complaint against them with Marshal Entwistle, which resulted in their arrest as stated above.

These lads are by no means strangers in the annals of the police station. They are the same boys who broke into Swett's candy store on Bridge street, a short time ago, and have been engaged in other bits of malicious mischief about town. They are really neither more nor less than youthful criminals and as long as they are allowed their liberty will be the cause of endless trouble, not only to the police but to any citizens of Portsmouth whom they take it into their heads to injure or torment.

THE JUDGE AND HIS HENS.

Everybody Trying to Buy His Eggs For Hatching Purposes.

Alderman Edward H. Adams has moved his family to their farm in Greenland for the summer and after a busy day at his law office in the city the genial city official takes the 5-25 train for a healthful night's rest in one of the prettiest villages in New England.

Now the judge is partial to live stock, and has included in his farm stock a flock of thirty fancy hens and three blooded roosters. These two are shown every attention and as a result are showing great results in the egg line, in fact so great, that Lawyer Kelley, with whom the Judge daily talks shop and talks, is much worried and can be seen at any hour of the day industriously writing on scribbled paper and shaking his head at the results thereon.

It seems that Saturday evening the judge visited his homestead and collected all the eggs in the nests. Sunday morning about nine o'clock he thought he would take a look in to see if the day's egg collections were going to be up to the average. Much to his surprise he found thirty-five large, brown eggs in the nests and some of them still warm.

With only thirty-three fowl on the pay roll and three of these roosters, is it any wonder that Lawyer Kelley is wearing out lead pencils and absenting himself from the golf links.

GIVEN A HEARING.

Three soldiers are lodged in the guard house at Fort Constitution on suspicion of having been connected with the break at New Castle on Sunday evening, and the other acts of vandalism committed in that town the same night. As soon as the matter was reported to the commanding officer he started an investigation, which led to the confinement of three of the soldiers who were on liberty that night, and who returned from Portsmouth at a late hour. One of them has a cut hand and this, it is expected, was caused while breaking into the store. The men are being given a hearing at the fort today.

ASLEEP IN THE CEMETERY.

Word was telephoned to the police station this noon time that a man was stretched out asleep in the old cemetery on Maplewood avenue close to the street. Officer Quinn went over and brought the man in in a job team. He was very drunk.

FLOATING DOCK KEPT BUSY.

The floating dry dock at the navy yard was flooded today and the tug Nezinscott taken out. The tug Sioux took her place in the dock. On Monday or Tuesday of next week the Detroit will be taken into the dock for needed repairs.

ARRESTED A WOMAN.

Tuesday evening Officer Kelley arrested a Raymond woman on Market square who had evidently found some body who wasn't afraid to tell upon a woman. The officer had quite a struggle to get the woman to the station house.

PICTURE ON EXHIBITION.

The water color print of the proposed new building of the Young Men's Christian association is on exhibition in the window of H. P. Montgomery's store on Pleasant street. It attracts considerable attention from passers-by.

ALL ABOUT A PIG.

Trouble Caused by an Elusive Porker.

A pig belonging to R. H. Beacham and Son furnished plenty of amusement to a good sized crowd of on-lookers on Fleet street this noon. The animal has been kept in the cellar of Beacham's stable, and this morning a man called upon Mr. Beacham and offered to purchase it. The offer was accepted and the purchaser, accompanied by four attaches of the stable, proceeded to the cellar and attempted to corral the porker. For a long time, however, all efforts proved fruitless. The animal broke away from his would-be captors as often as they laid hold of him, and it looked at one stage of the game as if it would be impossible to get him out of the cellar.

The men finally succeeded, however, in securing the refractory pig, and in getting him out into the stable yard. Here he broke away again, and evidently wild with fright, ran up and down the yard, colliding with the men who were trying to secure him, knocking them down, and in one or two instances running between their legs and tripping them up. The spectators of the scene roared with laughter and were rather sorry when the pursuers finally secured the elusive porker, and laid him out in a large box. They proceeded to nail a cover on the box and evidently believed that their captive was secure, when the unruly animal, who was struggling inside the box, with a blow from one of his feet kicked off a part of the cover, and seemed in a fair way to escape again. This effort was frustrated just in time, however, and the plucky pig fastened into his narrow prison more securely.

A POLICE STATION EPISODE.

"My God, Man! Who Would Not Lie For Rum?"

A pitiful sight was witnessed at the police station this afternoon when a 22 year old man, son of one of the old families, who had left rum home might have made a name for himself in the world, was brought in a job team, having been found drunk and asleep by the road side.

"What am I here for?" queried the unfortunate victim of humanity all but a few of the old families' tremors. "Only as a drunk."

The officer made no reply to the inquiry but continued his search of the man's person for liquor. A tin flask was at last drawn from an inside pocket and the poor wretch makes an appeal to be allowed to retain the stuff, saying that it belongs to his father, who is sick.

As the officer continues his search the man reiterates time and again that he has no other thing about him. "Not another drop, officer." Just then a pint bottle is drawn from a hip pocket and then there is a struggle. The officer to take away and the man to retain it.

"What do you want to lie for?" asks the officer as he wrenches the flask away and places it out of reach. "Lie, man, my God! who would not lie for rum?" and the shaking form is led into the cell corridor and helped into a bunk and is soon in a drunken sleep to awaken with the pangs of the liquor habit gnawing at his vitals.

DR. WARREN PARSONS.

Death at Rye of Aged and Well Known Physician.

Dr. Warren Parsons of Rye died Tuesday evening at the age of almost eighty-four years. He had practiced medicine for nearly sixty years and for fifty years was the only resident physician in town, succeeding his father and his grandfather, who were also physicians. He was well known hereabouts.

He was educated at Hampton academy and at Phillips Andover academy, and then taught school in Rye, and studied with his father, Dr. John Wilbur Parsons. In 1849 he received an appointment in the treasury department at Washington, having been recommended to the position by Daniel Webster. In 1842 he was graduated with the degree of M. D. from the Columbia Medical college at Washington, D. C.

He leaves a widow, one son, Frederick D., two daughters, Mrs. John F. Frazer and Anna Deane, and a sister, Abby S. Parsons. Funeral services will be held at the Congregational church in Rye at 2.30 p. m., Friday.

RELATIONS STRAINED.

Carpenters Now On The Verge Of A Strike—May Go Out In The Morning.

It is understood that the relations between the Carpenter's union and the Master Builders is strained to the breaking point, and it is said unless amicable arrangements can be made at the meetings called for this evening that every union carpenter in the city will be called out to go out tomorrow morning.

The carpenters are asking for a yearly contract at the hours and prices they now have and over this the Master Builders are pondering. They say they do not like to bind themselves so far ahead.

There is lots of building going on in this city and vicinity at the present time and a strike among the carpenters would be a bad thing. It is hoped that the employer and employee will get together this evening and come to some amicable agreement whereby the work of building will not be delayed an hour.

POLICE NEWS.

The police are on the lookout for a Portland man who is wanted in that city for larceny. The fellow has a woman friend in this city and frequently makes visits here.

Day Officer Charles Quinn was off duty on Tuesday morning the hand that was bitten a few days ago by a Manchester thing whom he had placed under arrest. The hand was badly swollen and the attending physician feared blood poisoning.

PERSONALS.

Hon. Calvin Page returned from Boston this morning.

Mrs. Emma Banks is now employed by Delaney and McCourey, the Bow street tailors.

Mrs. Fred Akerman, formerly of this city and now of Dover, is quite ill at her home there.

George Foster of this city has been granted honorable discharge from the state industrial school.

Mrs. William L. Fernald of Dorchester is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Annie S. Neal, of Daniel street.

W. M. Walker and J. Peirley Putnam of York Village were visitors in Portsmouth today (Wednesday.)

Arthur Hayford has returned home from a visit with his brother, Dr. Herbert S. Hayford, in Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. Mary J. Morrill and Miss Mary M. Morrill have returned to Concord after a visit with friends in this city.

State Master Bachecker will attend a meeting of East Rockingham Pomona grange in this city on Thursday.

John L. Pender, of the Worcester, Mass., Post was the guest of his parents on McRimac street Tuesday night.

Jonathan Currie has returned home from Ansonia, Conn., where he has been employed for the past six months.

Hon. William E. Chandler is on from Washington for a few days, trying a case in the Sullivan county superior court at Newport.

Commander I. C. Logan, U. S. N., inspector of the Frenchman's Bay coaling station, called upon Pay Inspector Foster at the navy yard on Tuesday.

Mrs. Harry Moulton will entertain the Ivy Temple Sewing circle this Wednesday afternoon and evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Knight, on Vaughan street.

Rev. James Goodwin is expected in town tomorrow to accompany the choir boys of the Church of the Good Shepherd to the convention at Portsmouth on Thursday.—Concord Monitor.

CITY SIDELIGHTS.

The summer resorts in our neighborhood are anticipating an unusual business this season. Reports from York, Rye, Hampton and New Castle indicate one of the most prosperous seasons in many years. Cottages are renting readily and the hotels are booking rooms so rapidly that it looks as if the demand for accommodations would be far in excess of the supply long before the end of July.

Lovers of flowers are making it a point, these days, to walk out Middle street, in order to catch a glimpse of the tulip beds in the garden of G. Ralph Lighthouse. Mr. Lighthouse has hundreds, one may not inaccurately say thousands, of these brilliant flowers in full bloom, and the spectacle they present is a remarkable one.

From the street, the ground appears to be fairly aflame. Twenty-three hundred bulbs were set out last fall, three large beds, and there is little doubt that Mr. Lighthouse has the most extensive display of tulips, aside from that at Maplewood farm, in this vicinity.

The flowers are of every imaginable color and shade. Those of a deep, rich red predominate, but there are many beautiful royal purple, and others in which red, yellow, green and white, are mingled in a graduation of colors most pleasing to the eye. Mr. Lighthouse says that the flowers require a great deal of care but that the pleasure they give him more than compensate for the labor.

Ping pong is rapidly growing in popularity among the club men and society people of Portsmouth, but the advancing season is likely to interfere with its growth in public favor before very long. Golf bids fair to have even a larger number of devotees than last year and lawn tennis will surely gain many adherents this season. Baseball, yachting and cycling are sports always sure of their full share of popular interest, although the latter seems certain to hold a more important place than it did last year and here are indications of a revival of the enthusiasm among wheelmen which has been steadily diminishing for several years.

AT THE HOTELS.

A. C. Fairbanks of Boston, was numbered among the guests at the Kearsarge, on Tuesday.

The Rockingham had as guests, on Tuesday, a number of men whose names are familiar to the people of this vicinity, viz., John Peirce and Emil Diebitzsch of New York, J. H. Campbell and W. B. Burpee of Manchester, R. J. McLean of Boston, and Lester H. Monks of Brookline, Mass.

An observant traveling man, stopping at one of the local hotels, in talking with a Herald man this morning paid Portsmouth and its people the following compliment: "You may not know that it is quite a metropolitan town," he said, "but it is so. I never visited a city of its size where one could obtain so many things supposed to had only in the large cities, and the general aspect of the town and the appearance of the people of its streets suggests a city several times as large. I like Portsmouth, and I am always glad when it comes in my way to spend a night here. I am sure of finding a good hotel and of receiving a hearty greeting from my friends here, and I have made lots of them during the twenty years in which I have been traveling through this section."

OFFICIAL BOARD MEETING.

There will be a special meeting of the official board of the Methodist church this Wednesday evening, beginning at half past seven o'clock, in the vestry. Important business is to be considered.

Advertise in the Herald.

NAVY YARD NEWS.

What Is Going On At Uncle Sam's Reservation.

Clerk's Will Now Lunch Between 12 AND 12:30.

Pay Inspector Cann Settling Accounts And Preparing For Sea Service.

Pharmacist I. N. Hurd reported for duty on Tuesday.

Today will be pay day with the mechanics and laborers.

James Dooley, a riveter, who was injured a week ago by falling, went to work on Monday.

All the warrant officers stationed at this yard, attended the funeral of the late Boatswain Perrimond Tuesday.

Pay Inspector Cann is getting ready to settle his accounts at this station and will leave the last of the month for the Pacific coast.

An automatic gauge has been placed in the watchman's quarters at the ferry landing. The instrument registers the tide at any hour by day or night.

Cornelius Quinn is acting in the place of Chief Electrician Thomas F. Flanagan, who is attending the convention of electrical engineers at Cincinnati.

The construction laborers had a hard time digging, the last few days, for a broken water pipe beneath the floor in the fire room of the construction power plant.

The first outside work of the yards and docks locomotive crane has been done within the last few days, the machine being engaged in taking out live oak from the timber dock.

The tug Nezinscott, which has been undergoing repairs in the dry dock, will come out today, Wednesday, at high tide, and the Sioux will be taken in. It is expected that the Detroit will be put in next week.

A large consignment of iron framework said to be for the new coal pockets has arrived by rail and is being unloaded near the mast house and hauled to Seavey's Island near the hospital by Hett Bros.

Henry Moran of the construction brass furnishing department, who has been sick at his home in Portsmouth for the last three months, due to brass poisoning, resumed his duties Tuesday. He was heartily greeted by his shopmates.

Orders have been issued from the commandant's office that the clerk's lunch time shall be from twelve to twelve-thirty. Previous to this order the clerks in the different departments have been lunching at different periods.

One of the most exciting boat races ever seen on the river took place Monday afternoon between the two boat crews of Captain Bob Green and Boatswain Chandler on their way home from the yard. Chandler's sturdy oarsmen won out by scarce half a length.

PAPER MILL ITEMS.

It is not generally known that the White Mountain Paper company intends operating a steamboat line of its own between this port and Norfolk, Va., to bring the coal for its plant. The Dominion mines will not supply it, as was at first reported.

Two hundred mechanics will arrive here within the next seven or eight days, to work on the plant.

General Manager J. C. Morgan informed Civil Engineer Thompson of the Boston and Maine railroad on Tuesday that the freight business of his company when on a running basis, would reach 150 cars per day.

Civil Engineer Thompson, who surveyed the route for the proposed extension of the local electric road to Freeman's Point, will undoubtedly recommend a route which sweeps around the hills and calls for the laying of about one mile of track.

POLICE COURT.

Annie Healey, a young woman well known to the police, listened to the reading of a complaint against her by Judge Emery, this morning, and pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness. At her own request, she was given a sentence of ninety days at Brentwood, and was ordered to pay costs of prosecution, amounting to \$6.90.

CRUSHED HIS HAND.

One of the Italian laborers employed on the new paper mill crushed his left hand quite badly on Tuesday, by getting it caught between two heavy pieces of timber.

A GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

The agricultural department reports that this will be a bad grasshopper year and farmers are urged to take early measures to protect their crops as much as possible.

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The agricultural department reports that this will be a bad grasshopper year and farmers are urged to take early measures to protect their crops as much as possible.

Lawn Mowers, Watering Pots, Rubber Hose.

Screen Doors—Also Window Screens and Screen Wire

Rider & Cotton's.

65 MARKET STREET.

VETERAN FIREMEN MEET.

Entertainment and Supper in the Veterans' Building on Tuesday Evening.

The regular meeting of the Veteran Fireman's association was held on Tuesday evening, in the Veteran Fireman's building in the rear of the police station. Following the business meeting the veterans were entertained by a well rendered concert. The flute solo by Prof. Damm of the naval band was heartily enjoyed and the selections by the Veteran Firemen's life and drum corps also evoked applause. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of a badge to Second Assistant Foreman George W. Tripp. At the conclusion of the musical entertainment an appetizing supper was served.

The program in full follows:

Selection, by Maj. C. B. Downs and the Veteran Firemen's Drum corps Flute solo, "The Holy City," by Prof. Martin Damm of the Naval Band.

Remarks, Foreman F. S. Seymour

A TALK WITH MR. PEIRCE.

Granite Cutting at the Navy Yard May Not Be Discontinued.

A reporter called upon Contractor John Peirce at the Rockingham on Tuesday evening. "We have not as yet definitely decided whether we shall discontinue the work of cutting granite at the Portsmouth navy yard or not," said Mr. Peirce. "In fact it is to confer with Mr. Treadwell who, of course you know, is superintendent of the construction work at the new dry dock, that I am in Portsmouth at the present time. I shall remain in this city all day Wednesday and probably the greater part of Thursday, and before I return to New York we shall have come to a decision on this point. At this time I cannot venture a prediction as to the outcome of the conference."

DRIVERS' UNION.

Express and General Team Drivers' union, local No. 398, held a special meeting in its hall on Market street, on Tuesday evening, at which twenty new members were initiated, and the following officers elected:

President, Howard Spinner;

Vice President, L. F. Dams;

Recording Secretary, G. W. Dickford;

Secretary-Treasurer, P. O. Shen;

Conductor, A. Blake;

Warder, John Quinn;

Trustees, Frank Dean, Alfred Blake and C. Westcott.

Considerable enthusiasm was exhibited by the members and they are confident that the Drivers' union will be one of the strongest in the city in a short time.

BETTER THAN A CIRCUS.

A female baseball club wants to come here later in the season. They carry a canvas wall which they put up so that they are independent of enclosed grounds and are willing to play on a fair percentage. They furnish their own advertising paper and guarantee to play good ball and not give merely a burlesque exhibition.

BROKE HIS WRIST.

Luke Lyons, a hustling little newsboy, whose home is on Penhallow street, broke his left wrist Tuesday morning, by falling off a team upon which he was trying to climb, for a ride. He showed good grit while a physician was treating the fracture.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the St